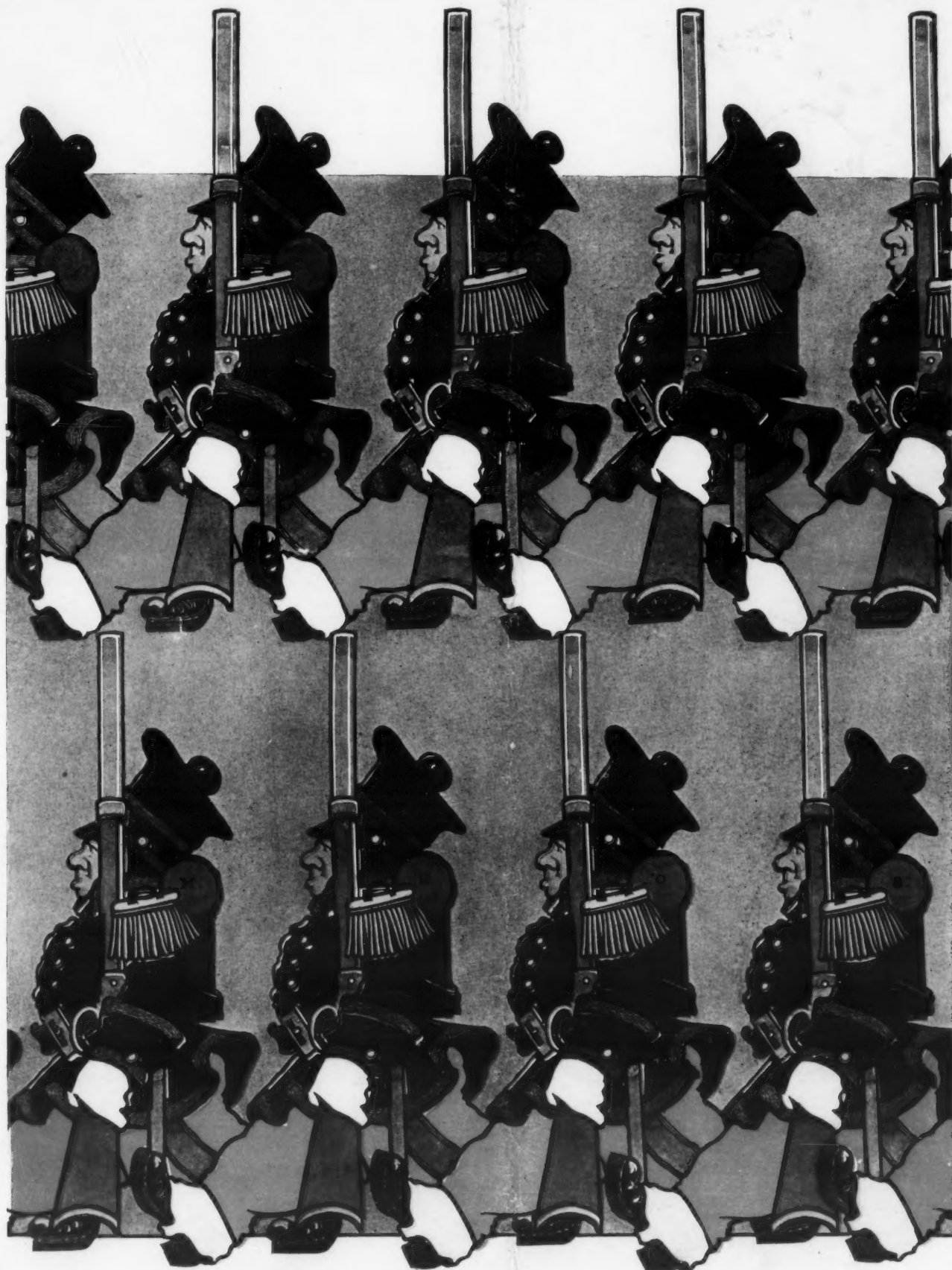


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE Waverley



SILENT Electric

Another Waverley Triumph!

A NEW FULL VIEW AHEAD FOUR PASSENGER ELECTRIC
THE SILENT WAVERLEY LIMOUSINE-FOUR

In this luxurious and palatial electric every passenger has a separate chair, luxuriously upholstered.

Three face forward, the fourth is in front at the right, a charming "cozy corner."

Leaving the space in front of the driver free and clear, thus affording full view ahead without moving from the usual left hand rear seat, so much the pleasantest when driving alone or with only one other person.

Waverley drop sill construction permits of a graceful and elegant low hung body swung on the full elliptic springs which insure easy riding.

Upholstering materials and trimmings are imported, finish is superb.

Waverley silence, simplicity, and safe and easy control add to comfort and satisfaction.

40 cells 11 plate Exide Hycap or Philadelphia M. V. Style, or 13 plate Gould or Waverley M. V. Style batteries. Edison or Ironclad Exide extra.

Price complete \$2,900.

The Silent Waverley Electric Year Book illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four, the Limousine-Five and the six other models that comprise the Waverley pleasure car line, the most complete made.

A beautiful book, decorated by famous artists, it is free on request, to every interested person, as is our commercial car catalog, showing types ranging from a light delivery wagon to a 5-ton truck. Address

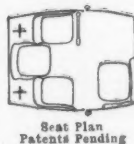
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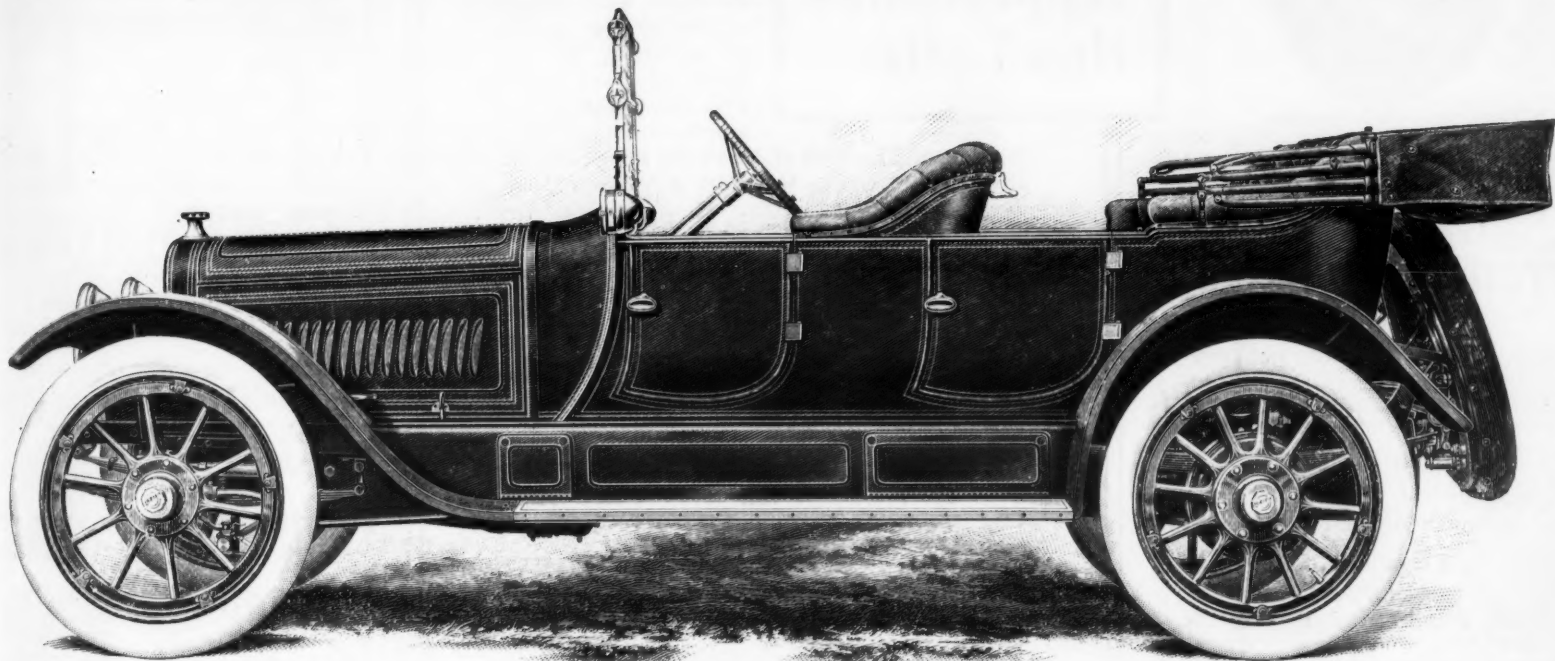
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A LOZIER for \$3250!



The LOZIER "LIGHT SIX"

"A Lozier for \$3250."

Men who know Loziers *best*—the men who own and drive Loziers—would say that nothing more than that need be written about this new Lozier.

When we announced the LOZIER "LIGHT SIX" to the *trade* two months ago that's all we said. Just simply "A Lozier for \$3250." And do you know what those four words did! They brought telegrams and cablegrams and telephone calls from every point of the compass. They brought letters from hundreds of the best, the oldest and most responsible automobile dealers in the world, all wanting this new Lozier. Those four words brought scores of the best dealers thousands of miles to the Lozier Works at Detroit to ask for this car.

Now why, do you suppose? Just because the automobile trade *knew* what a Lozier for \$3250 would mean. They knew a Lozier for \$3250 was bound to be a self-seller. And why does it mean this?

Why, because the Lozier is the only motor car in America which for eight years has commanded, and still commands, a price of \$5000.

And because nine out of ten people—everywhere—who really know automobiles consider the Lozier the best automobile ever built.

And because the Lozier has *proved* itself in so many ways.

And because the *thousands* of people who for years have *wanted* Loziers but didn't feel they could quite afford to pay \$5000 for an automobile can afford Loziers now.

And because, right now when almost every manufacturer is rushing a six-cylinder car into the market, Lozier stands out pre-eminent in its sixth successful season as a Six.

There has been no automobile announcement of such importance as this in the past five years. It is by long odds the one most important development in the industry this year.

A true Lozier for \$3250. Not quite so large a car as the Lozier you know now; not quite so powerful—but a Lozier in every line and in every provision for service and luxury. The power is there, too. Over 52 actual horsepower on the brake! All that anyone—content with 50 miles per hour—

could possibly use. And the LOZIER "LIGHT SIX" is *not* a little six. Keep that in mind. It's a long, graceful, roomy car. You who know Lozier standards know what that means.

The Lozier for \$3250 has left-side drive and center control, of course. Lozier was the first high grade automobile to introduce left-side-drive and center control, annular ball bearings, selective type transmission, double ignition, Bosch magneto, fore-door bodies, and other features which have since become standard on other high grade cars.

And of course this splendid car has electric starting and lighting equipment—the Gray & Davis simple separate unit system, with dynamo for starting, generator for lighting and magneto for ignition.

The illustration gives you just a hint of the beauty of the LOZIER "LIGHT SIX." Note carefully the body design, the original Lozier "stream line" design, making the hood a graceful part of the body, eliminating the old projecting dash and providing a *built-in* windshield.

We cannot attempt to describe here the comfort of the deep and tilted Turkish cushions; the ease which comes from Lozier springs and correct weight distribution, the positive luxury of this car. Nor could we tell of the flexibility of the Light Six motor, a motor which on high gear can draw this car—loaded—over a *country road* at speed as low as *three* miles per hour without a choke or a miss and then *before you know it* be taking you along at *fifty* miles per hour without sway or jolt or jar.

The LOZIER "LIGHT SIX"

Montclair, Five-pass. touring car.....	\$3250
Fairmount, Two-pass. runabout.....	\$3250
Metropolitan, Five-pass. fully enclosed limousine....	\$4450
Coronado, Six-pass. semi-fore-door limousine....	\$4450
Touraine, Three-pass. coupe.....	\$3850

All built on the same chassis (Type 77).

LOZIER "LIGHT SIX" Equipment and Design

Left Side Drive, Center Control.
Six-cylinder long stroke motor.
Unit power plant.
Special Lozier smokeless lubrication.
127½ inch wheel base.
36x4½ inch tires, demountable rims.
"Stream line" body design, eliminating the old projecting dash.
Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Electric Lighting System.
Bosch Magneto, Dual Ignition.
Wind Shield, built into body, adjustable for ventilation or rain vision.
12-inch Turkish Upholstery.
Warner Speedometer.
Instantaneous Locking Tire Carrier.
Tool Boxes concealed in Running Boards.
Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover, Curtains.
Ball-bearing transmission.
Floating Type Ball-Bearing Axle.
Double enclosed Rear Brakes.
Platform Spring Suspension.
Multiple Disc Clutch.
Large Gasoline Pressure-Feed Tank, with gauge.
Full heavy nicked trimmings.
Electric Horn and Clock.
Robe Rail, Foot Rest and Folding Luggage-Rack.
Corrugated Hard Rubber Steering Wheel, and many other features all on a par with these.

It is a truly wonderful car—this Lozier for \$3250. The automobile trade knows it. We want *you* to know it. Shipments are about to begin on these cars. See your dealer *now*.

Write today for LOZIER "LIGHT SIX" Advance Catalog.

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY,

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Works at Plattsburg, N. Y., and Detroit, Michigan

DEALERS: New Lozier agencies are being established rapidly, but some splendid territory is still unoccupied. Possibly *YOURS* is still open. Every responsible dealer can afford to carry the LOZIER "LIGHT SIX" at \$3250. Indeed, he cannot afford *NOT* to have it—with the character and prestige that the Lozier line carries—if he can get it for his territory. Get your application in *NOW*! We will send full description and details of this splendid New Model—The Self Seller.



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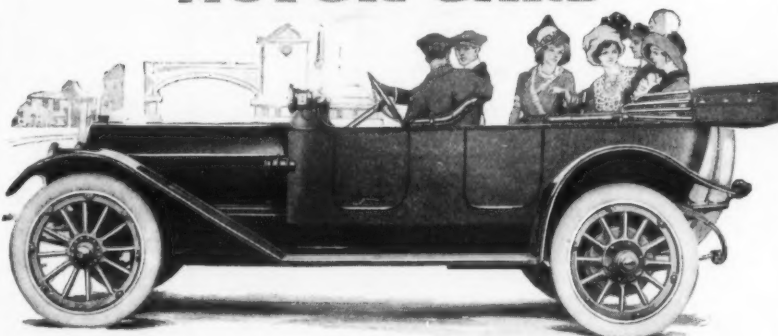
"Do you know that there are hundreds of papers published in the United States that cannot get the advertisements of some of the goods we carry in stock? The reason for this is that the papers make no discrimination against fake mining swindles, patent medicine frauds, work-at-home cheats and hundreds of other advertisers of like character. Our people would not advertise with them if they could get space free. They don't want to be caught in such company. The integrity of the advertisements in these papers is not guaranteed.

"Take a paper like Collier's. In such papers as this, you will find many of the lines we carry, taking up full pages. The trustworthiness of every article they advertise is backed up by the millions of dollars of capital in their business, as well as that of the makers and the merchant. Back of the smallest ad. in this paper (Collier's) is the combined strength of the publisher, the advertiser and the merchant who sells you the goods."

When you buy goods advertised in Collier's, you have, as the Florida merchant so well expresses it, the triple protection "of the publisher, the advertiser and the merchant who sells you the goods."

A. B. J. Hammel
Manager Advertising Department

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Other models—Commander, 58 horsepower, five passengers; Pilgrim, 40 horsepower, five passengers; Wolverine, 35 horsepower, five passengers.

Cars that enhance a name already illustrious

In the six-cylinder Resolute and Commander, we believe we have produced successors richly worthy of the Warrens that have gone before.

The Warrens of last year, and the year before, and the year before that, paved the way for the Warren six.

Their reliability and durability, their economy and endurance, assure the new Warren models a ready welcome and a warm one.

Because automobile owners, and those who learn of the goodness of a car only by hearsay, know from the splendid records of the Warren that they can expect much, with no fear of disappointment.

And it is true that the Warren six differs in no wise from previous Warrens, so far as skill and ingenuity and sincerity can make them alike.

They are built on honor. They are entitled to

your full and complete confidence; and you may rest assured that that confidence will never be betrayed.

Money has not been spared to fit them for your trust, as witness the costly double Spicer universal joint; the costly phosphor bronze and babbitt bearings in the motor; the rotating yoke which joins the rear axle to the main frame; more than 90 square inches of bearing surface in the motor, etc.

So these are the cars that are now added to the Warren family.

We want you to see the new models and ride in them.

Specimens are now being distributed; and if your local Warren dealer has not received his, please keep in touch with him.

Meanwhile write for the literature descriptive of the new Warren.

Warren Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

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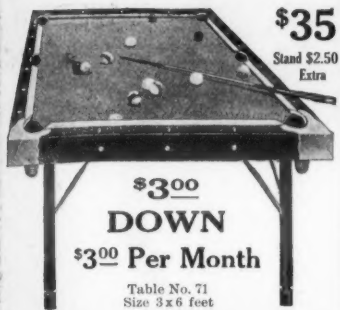
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art of Taxidermy. We can teach you by mail to mount birds, animals, tan hides, make rugs, etc. Very fascinating and profitable. Decorate your home and office. Save your time and money. Tuition low, success guaranteed. Write today for Free Book on Taxidermy and our magazine. Both free. NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 4025 Howard Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 16, 1912

VOLUME FIFTY NO 9

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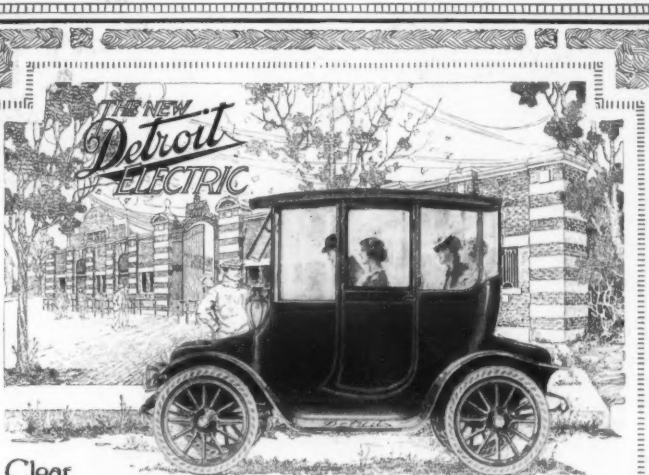
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Clear Vision Brougham Model 42 \$3000 f.o.b. Detroit

Thank You!

WE appreciate the instant approval given the new 1913 Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham, announced in the October magazines and exhibited at our various branches.

We have in the past introduced many notable improvements, in the development of the electric automobile, but none has met with more approbation than the Clear Vision feature which permits a clear view in all directions, in front, both sides and the rear.

The seating arrangement of this car is not only unique, but

logical for driving in congested traffic. All seats face forward—the front seats being centrally located—thus ensuring a well-balanced, pleasing appearance, whether the car is occupied by one or more persons.

It will pay you to write for our 1913 catalog before purchasing a motor car as there are many other new and exclusive features in the Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham which will interest you.

Deliveries on the 1913 Detroit Electric will be scheduled according to date orders are received

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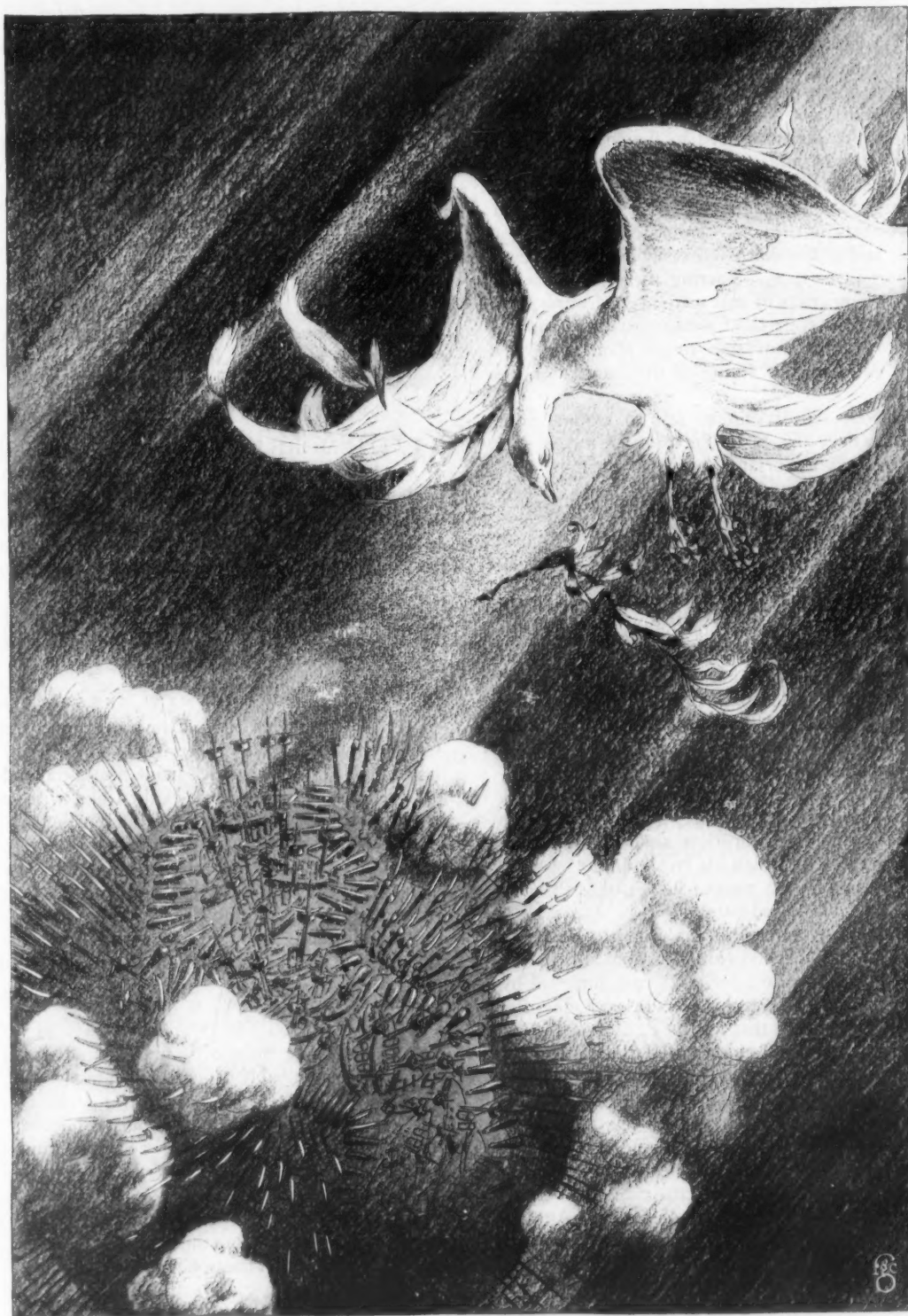
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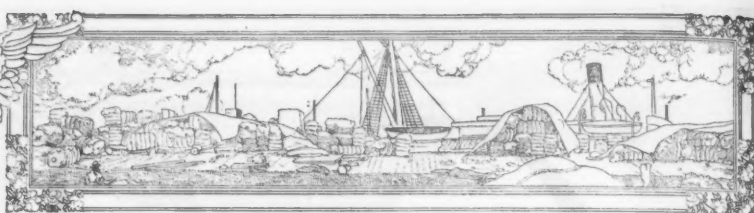
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Wing Weary



TO YOU, MR. PRESIDENT ELECT:

A REPUBLIC has never been maintained," says the venerable biographer of the Venetian SARPI, "save by the delegation of great powers to its chosen leaders." And of that line of Presidents in which you will number twenty-eighth, certainly not more than two have been given so broad a commission to deal with large affairs. For the great bulk of your supporters look to you not merely as their highest executive, but also, in a very real sense, as the mouthpiece of their own thoughts about government. They anticipate that what you say and do in office will be the expression of their own public opinion, and they expect that the Congress which they have elected overwhelmingly of your own party will accept what you say in this light, and will carry out, without obstruction or delay, the purposes you undertake in their behalf; if it does not, woe unto Congress and your party.

The number of persons who bear toward you this attitude of friendliness and confident expectation is by no means measured by the number of votes you received. For of the millions who for many appealing reasons voted the Progressive ticket, not more than a handful have views which are in any active or definite sense opposed to the views you are known to have on the main issue of the campaign. You are for the prevention of monopoly in industry; the number of persons who are for anything contrary to that is negligible; they are composed of the avowed Socialists, those who are Socialists but do not celebrate with sufficient clearness to label themselves, and a few harassed beneficiaries of near-monopoly who are for any port in a storm. Barring these, and making allowance for the difference of temperament and method in dealing with all public questions between you and your chief antagonist, substantially the entire nation subscribes to your commission to go about the very serious business of laying out the economic future of the country on the basis of regulated competition.

It would be an insult to your scholarship to fail to assume your familiarity with that book to which the historian BUCKLE twice paid tribute—once as "probably the most important book ever written," and again as "certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man toward establishing the principles on which government should be based." It is the fashion, lately, among a school of amateur economists who are animated, a few by selfishness and more by unselfishness, but all moved more by their emotions than by their intellects, to speak of the Wealth of Nations as out-of-date, and the doctrines of free competition as superseded. It is not true. ADAM SMITH wrote for his time, and his time was 1776; the illustrations that he gave of his principles were of his own period; the principles remain the same, but the application of them has changed with the stiffening ethical code of the times. The old economists never meant their systems to be above either the law or the ethical standards of the age. Advocacy of free competition never included the indorsement of such an obvious and effective instrument of virile competition as the murder of a rival, nor the burning down of his factory, nor the bribery of his clerk. We, now, in our age, merely extend the list of prohibited acts. We say that no competitor shall receive from the railroads secret rebates or drawbacks which his rivals do not receive. We say that no competitor shall carry on any part of his business through secret companies, through so-called "fake independents."

Efficiency was not the dominating motive in the formation of any conspicuous American trust. Inquire what individual instigated the trust in each of the various lines. Was it some master workman, impelled by pride of his craft, seeking to achieve a perfect unit of industry? Hardly. Otherwise it would be necessary to concede that Mr. J. P. MORGAN is the greatest ironmaster of the age (he created the Steel Trust); also the greatest sailor (Shipping Trust); also the greatest maker of reapers and mowers (Harvester Trust). No, the initiative came in most of the cases not from any master of the trade but from a banker, and the motive was not to make a more perfect thing but to sell stocks and bonds.

No, the most efficient maker of harvesting machines in the world is not Mr. MORGAN nor Mr. PERKINS; it is some obscure man who is to-day working for a few thousands a year in one of the factories at Auburn or Chicago. *What this nation must provide through you and your party is that this man, if he has ambition and character, shall forever have the opportunity to become a master manufacturer of harvesting machines.* His personality must not be forbidden to expand in order that monopoly may be maintained, nor shall society be deprived of the fruition of his talent.

One thing you must do which may cause you embarrassment, because it will be contrary to your party's tradition of State rights: You must adopt in the form of Federal statutes all the humanitarian part of the Progressive platform. The prohibition of child labor, the eight-hour day in continuous industry, compensation to injured workmen, and the

rest of the program for social justice cannot be effected through the separate statutes of forty-eight different States. Federal statutes are essential, and it will be fatal for you to forget that the public is as intent on justice for labor as on regulation for capital.

Reduce the tariff; do it promptly and with sufficient thoroughness to last for a reasonable number of years. The people waited a long time for tariff revision before TAFT pledged it; the breaking of his promise entailed four more years of hope deferred. You will do well to be scrupulous of the very seconds that elapse between the noon when a Republican President leaves the Capitol and the hour when you summon the new Congress to the work of lifting intolerable tariff burdens.

Be very sure that you will encounter in your own party the GORMANS and BRICES and SMITHS who wrecked the program of the last Democrat who sat in your chair. Not only will you find treachery in the Senate; when a House is so overwhelmingly of one party as the next will be, it can only be by some unique triumph of leadership if solidarity is maintained. Do not be discouraged by that. The greatest living American biographer of statesmen wrote thus of CAVOUR:

From first to last . . . he never hesitated to break over party lines and precedents. If he could not work with one party, he made alliance with another; if he could not carry the whole of any one party with him, he found his supporters in various parties. To a man of less genius this would have been perilous, but it was by this means, especially, that he carried through many of his most important measures, and it was soon felt that his aims were those of his country, and that he rose superior to all parties.

For every GORMAN in your own party you will find a CUMMINS among the Progressive Republicans. Indeed, if necessity does not compel you, appreciation ought to lead you to give sympathy and seek cooperation with that little band of Insurgents who have been the hard-fighting pioneers of those very ideas upon which rests your triumphant public career.

WELCOME, DIXIE

WITH MORE THAN COMMON SATISFACTION we congratulate the nation upon summoning the South to a greater participation in its affairs than at any time since 1848. WOODROW WILSON will be the first President of Southern birth and sympathies since ZACH. TAYLOR. In the present Congress, out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships, twenty-eight are held by Southerners.

WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE PEOPLE PERISH

THE COUNT of the ballots matters little. The Progressives brought the vision back.

ONE NEW JERSEY HOME

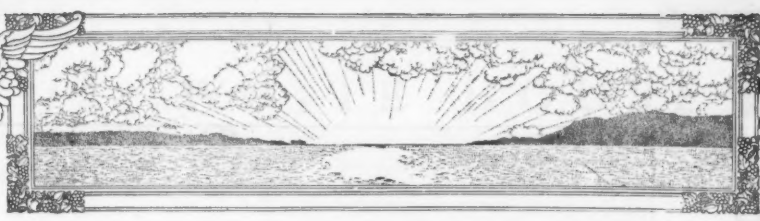
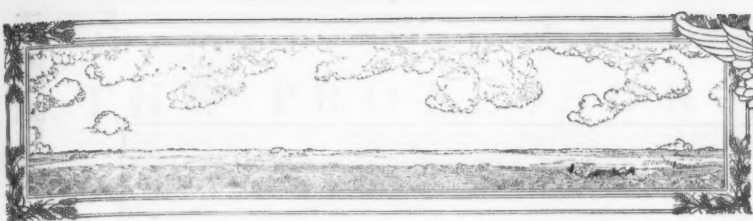
AHUNDRED MILLION human beings, the citizens of a free commonwealth, have chosen their ruler. Into his hands they have given imperial powers. They have made him commander in chief of their armies and their fleets. They have clothed him with an authority exceeding an English king's. They have bidden him be his own prime minister and surround himself with his own counselors. In a little frame house at Princeton (one of a million such modest American homes) we find the man for whom has been performed this miracle of democracy. This college professor, spectacled, reserved of speech, unclated by the shouts of the multitude, sober with the dignity of the mighty task the nation has enjoined upon him, is the next President of the United States.

"W. H. TAFT, LAWYER"

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF MARCH a ruddy and smiling figure of imposing bulk will emerge from the front door of the White House, never probably to enter it again. It is a figure grown familiar to little knots of travelers at railway stations, to those prosperous citizens who make a point of attending public dinners, to the street crowds of our cities. And the smile accompanying the raised silk "tile" is familiar, too. Everywhere we see heads turned to look with answering good nature upon that broad retreating back. In Cincinnati, on March 5, he will probably hang out his shingle—"W. H. TAFT, Lawyer"—and his friends will stop him on the way to the office for a cheery word or a whispered joke. And the public, which asked of his easy-going intelligence more than it had to give, will go about its business and forget him, or perhaps only recall his well-meaning attempts to serve them with a half-indulgent smile.

PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS

BUSY AS A BEAVER, hard and fit as an athlete, ready for whatever fate may be in store, and wearing the same toothful grin in the face of victory or defeat, he would be a hardy mortal, and one lacking humor, who would venture to send his misdirected condolences to the distinguished "also ran" of Oyster Bay.



FATHER OF THE MAN

UNDER THE TITLE "Education" in our last issue we spoke of two aspects of that ever-uprising controversy about heredity and environment. How far does our early training of a child influence him through life, and how much does he become just what the LORD meant him to be in spite of the efforts of his conscientious elders? In this question, even more than in most human problems, individual variation plays its part. Some children are born with the creative type of mind, with the spirit of the adventurer, with the indomitable independence of temperament that marks the leader and the pioneer. Given even a reasonable chance in life, they will make of it something definite, something original, something new in the world. To these children early training is comparatively unimportant. They may get much from play or from books, from the precepts of their parents or from competition with their peers. But whatever they get and wherever they get it, it will be life, and they will fuse it into ideas, or things, or conduct, and give it back to the world bearing the stamp of the personality with which they were born. On the other hand are the docile children, the children who learn and remember and follow the rule—the rule laid down by whomsoever can inspire their youthful confidence and stand to their growing minds for the things that are. To these children early education is everything. Having no desire to destroy the existing order, having no tendency to think for themselves outside the limits set by custom, having no wish to break away in maturity from what they have learned in youth, that which they learn in youth forms the material out of which they build their lives. So we ought not to pick out the promising, original child for our most painstaking care. His chances are pretty good at the worst for an effective life. Rather ought we put our best efforts on giving the docile child the broadest possible outlook, knowing that he will not broaden it in later years, and bring to bear on his early days the best of our influence, knowing that it is the most potent that will ever play upon him.

THE LARGER HOPE

WITH THE DIN of the political struggle dying out in long receding thunders behind us and the ever-increasing clash of arms around and before us, with the papers full of battle, murder, and sudden death, we turn with a sigh of relief to the story of a man whose life is spent, not in destroying but in recreating, not in struggle but in human conservation. The story of the miraculous work of Dr. CARREL, which appears in this issue, reads like a legend of the Middle Ages, but it is a fact of the twentieth century. While engines of war are perfected, while life-destroying machines increase daily in numbers, these quiet men of science work obscurely but steadily and effectively toward the creation of a more perfect humanity. In these hectic days the thought of their patient service, of their silent heroism, is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

THE REPORTER

TUGGED BY SOME centripetal force to wherever there is a clash of human passions, he is always "on the spot." Unlike his brother, the novelist, who fashions out of the furnace of his mind at painstaking intervals some finely modeled bit of porcelain, the furnace of this man's soul is always at full draft. Into it is flung day by day all the inflammable stuff of life—the mixed ingredients of heroism, murder, revolution, passionate love. And steadily, inexorably, it is poured out again, uncritical of itself, slag and ore, half drivel and half literature. The recompense he works for is to have his fellow workers say "Good story." His only critic is "the desk." To-day, yesterday's "good story" is lighting the morning fire in a thousand tenements. Anonymity, which guards him from self-consciousness, stands also mockingly between him and fame. He snatches his friendships like his meals, as stokers must strike up their friendships between shifts when the *Mauretania* is "out for a record." Yet there is no freemasonry like his. From behind the scenes he makes the puppets of the world's stage dance for us. But we can suspect his smile, as he surveys our antics, to be something between pity and contempt.

PLAYING ON THE PUBLIC

WHAT GREAT MAN would make the best modern editorial writer, when masses have to be fed with ideas, stimulated, sometimes guided, is a question that has brought many responses since we sprung it on our readers. We have already discussed a number, including DICKENS, MACAULAY, VOLTAIRE, and DEFOE. VICTOR HUGO, who is suggested by a correspondent from St. Paul, certainly stirred the public opinion of his country, immediately and strongly, both in prose and verse. From Toledo comes the name of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. An intelli-

gent observer from Providence, R. I., nominates WALTER BAGEHOT, who, however, seems to us better fitted to lend great power to a paper like the New York "Evening Post" or the Springfield "Republican" than to the publications of very wide and general circulation. HENRY GEORGE, whose name is sent in from Rome, Ga., although more generally known for his taxation scheme, comes as near as we can trace to being the founder of the present critical, looking-under-the-surface, or muckraking school. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is mentioned, naturally, from Philadelphia in these terms:

With him as editor I would at once send in my subscription for life. He very nearly combined the broad learning of MACAULAY, the wit of SWIFT, and the satire of VOLTAIRE. He knew as much of human nature as DICKENS, and could be fully as quaint or unusual as DEFOE. FRANKLIN was the great starter of things, as witness his inauguration in Philadelphia of hospitals, street paving, street lamps, circulating libraries, and a university. He was a politician and a diplomat, a philosopher and a profound investigator. His style of writing was delightfully simple, direct, and convincing. And, besides that, he was a century ahead of his time in realizing the value of a newspaper cartoon. Better than any of the others here mentioned, FRANKLIN would fit into the present materialistic age. For him who wrote the famous King of Prussia Edict, what a mine unfathomable would be the American Congress! Which seems to us to be making out a rather good case for BEN. A Denver celebrator of EDGAR ALLAN POE says he had an analytic mind, clear thought, comprehension of the use and meaning of words, and sympathy with his fellow man; but, says the ironic observer of our profession, "perhaps these are not valuable editorial qualities."

BAD SALESMANSHIP

AN OLD MAN and his wife, living on a farm, lost their only daughter, MARY, who left them a little girl to love and to bring up. The child was musical and was ready for piano lessons. The piano in the old farmhouse was somewhat "tinpanny," and a piano salesman in a neighboring town discovered an opportunity. He knew that the old people were well to do and that they worshiped their little granddaughter, so he went to see them and began his campaign, which at first consisted of playing badly on the old piano in a way to exhibit its defects, one of which was a very bad note that he pounded unmercifully. Then he took the old folks to town and played beautifully on a new piano. Then, at a later meeting at the farmhouse, he practically closed the sale, but just before going made his fatal error. Sitting down to the old piano, he played "Annie Laurie," and played it with real feeling, almost affectionately, so that even on the old instrument it sounded fairly well. Tears welled up to the old lady's eyes, and at the conclusion she turned to her husband and said: "Why, paw, that's the piece our MARY used to play—just like that, on that piano. Seems as if we can't let it go." And they didn't. The salesman did not know enough to stop when he had won his point.

FATHERS AND SONS

MUSIC IS AN ART to which America has as yet contributed little. Compared with Germany, Russia, Italy, or France, it might almost be said that we have done nothing at all. A few writers have gained a certain breadth of reputation; now and then there are singers who hold their own with foreign artists—generally after they have made their name abroad. But in the main, in spite of our magnificent opera and the intelligent appreciation of concerts of all kinds, we are receptive, rather than creative, in this perhaps most refreshing of all the arts. These facts give additional interest to the opening of the New York concert season by a young American violinist already interesting in himself. The name "SPALDING" is associated with baseball, punching bags, boxing gloves, and so on. The man who made the name thus known was himself a famous baseball player when the game was young, and is to-day a fine, florid figure of a man—the veritable old squire, such a figure as the gifted Mr. TESREAU or Mr. MATHEWSON may be a generation or two from now. And it was the nephew of this man—whose warmth of interest toward him is almost that of father to son—a slender, sensitive young violinist, who stepped out before the audience in Carnegie Hall one recent Sunday afternoon, and with an honesty and perfectness of technique which could not be lightly dismissed compelled the warm admiration not merely of the audience but of the critics who treated in rather casual fashion the first ventures of their young fellow countryman a few years ago. ALBERT SPALDING could have led the easy, useless life pursued by many rich Americans' sons, but he has chosen to follow the steep and difficult path of the musical artist instead. For the first generation baseball bats and business; for the next BEETHOVEN's Romance in G, CHAUSSON's "Le Poeme," and BACH's "Chaconne." It might have happened anywhere, of course, but it is rather characteristic of the piquant contrasts so often met with in our interesting land.



Greek Infantry in Action at Elassona

The first and second divisions of the Greek Army under command of Prince George of Sparta took the town of Elassona and the heights north of it on October 19, driving out the Turks after a sharp engagement of four hours. The losses were not heavy on either side



The Interior of Schipshank Fort Near Podgoritza After Three Days of Shelling

Montenegro's portion in the war of the allies has been to besiege the strongly fortified Turkish base of Scutari. The first fortifications met with in the advance into Turkish territory were near Podgoritza, just on the border. These were taken after heavy bombardment

THE PROFESSOR in the WHITE HOUSE

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

A UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA man of Woodrow Wilson's day told the biographer of the President-elect that his first impression of his classmate at Charlottesville was that of a chap who was forever sitting at a window in *House F, Dawson's Row*, busy with a book or an ink bottle.

That little picture of the young man working at the window instantly struck one acquaintance of Wilson's as the most significant possible portraiture of the man. From that youthful day to this, Woodrow Wilson has been at work at the open window—mind and heart.

Mr. Wilson's most striking personal characteristic is his openness. By nature he is the least secretive man in the world. I don't believe he has a secret; if he had, he wouldn't know how to keep it. He is quite singularly guileless. This is the peculiarity not only of his moral but of his mental life. He thinks out loud. Anybody can watch him at it. He takes counsel openly with all who come. His mind does not retire to some cabinet, thence to come forth again with conclusions reached by private processes. Since January 1, 1911, a citizen who wanted to see the Governor of New Jersey had only to walk from the street through a corridor and an anteroom and right on into the Executive presence; the visitor had no need to turn a knob, for the door was never closed, summer or winter. In like manner one can go back for thirty-five years and read Mr. Wilson's books and addresses and see the process of his development going on.

It is going on now, and going on in the sight of everybody, and what we have just witnessed in the tremendous majorities of November 5 was the stamp of a nation's approval of a man who does his thinking in the open.

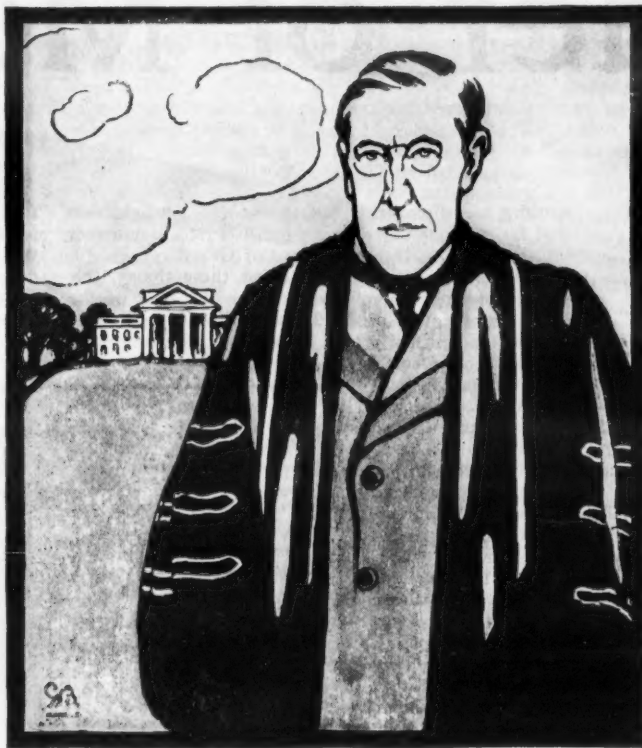
I believe that nothing truer can be said of the surprising political fortune of Woodrow Wilson than that it rests at bottom on an overwhelming popular perception that he is a man with no hidden chambers in his own soul; that he represents hatred of secrecy, and that his purpose is to drag private understandings and secret processes into the daylight. If you come to think of it, his has been a surprising political fortune indeed. It was only two years ago that, a man of fifty-four years, he made his first speech as a candidate. Less than two years ago he took his first political office. Our history contains nothing like this. And the explanation that goes farthest to account for it is in the fact that Wilson has founded his political philosophy on the principle of pitiless publicity, and committed his own personal fortune to the policy of absolute frankness. He has not done this deliberately; it is by instinct and nature that Woodrow Wilson takes everybody into his confidence—and the American people have shown that they will go a long way with a man who takes them into his confidence. It is not through policy but by instinct that "access" is a favorite word with the new President; he stifles behind closed doors.

Now, Mr. Wilson is a man peculiarly able to admit the public to his confidence because of his uncommonly developed faculty of clear expression. Thinking aloud is a profitable habit on several grounds: it fosters clear thinking and it promotes clear speaking.

By general report, Mr. Wilson is a "fine writer." He is, indeed. The resources of the language of Shakespeare and Milton have by few been explored as they have been by him; the accuracy, confidence, and power with which his practiced skill associates idea and word have rarely been excelled. And the graces of the tongue, the engaging charm, the humors and the allurements, with which a lively fancy clothes upon a thought's bare bones—none of our politicians has ever before exercised. He is somewhat guiltily conscious of his abilities in this direction. "Cut out the perorations," he instructs the editor of his speeches. But he can't cut them out himself—and the literature of inspiration would be lamentably poorer if he could.

The fact is Mr. Wilson takes joy of literary excellence. He gets the same pleasure out of a beautiful or a piquant sentence that a man gets out of a pretty face. His brightened eye follows a well-turned phrase as if it were a shapely ankle. He will stop any old time to exchange smiles with a coquettish conceit.

Yet the ground of his writing and speaking is clarity of statement. He is extremely precise, and precision sometimes means the use of technical words. When people get interested in a technical thing, however, they are not long learning the



Woodrow Wilson

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

*For you the trump of victory is blown;
To you the land shall turn in joy and stress,
And he that will not say "God-speed," must own
To loving Party more and Country less.*

*Our Scholar-statesman, free of petty hate,
Of lucid thought, clear speech and golden pen,
The happy lot be yours to serve the State
And win by worthy deeds the love of men.*

technology. It didn't take us long to learn the scandalous terminology of the motor car.

Government is a technical matter; Mr. Wilson's idea is that the people should really go into it thoroughly, and he doesn't stick at employing expressions which as yet are unfamiliar. They are going to be perfectly familiar in a few months. His campaign audiences had no difficulty in taking him up when he talked about freedom being "the resultant of adjustments"; about "depressing the levels of vitality"; about checking the "processes of monopoly"; about how citizens must win "access to the execution of their own purposes." He translated that once out in Dakota; "it means, get next to your government," he cried; but the translation was as unnecessary as that of the learned divine who, when he used a Latin quotation in prayer, used to add: "That is to say, O Lord"—and repeat it in English for the benefit of the Almighty. Miners at Scranton chuckled for weeks over Wilson's remark: "I don't pretend to have the absolute by the wool, but even an ex-professor at my age can't help knowing a thing or two." The fact is, Wilson's style, besides being the most exquisite to the ear, is likewise the easiest to the understanding that any public man has wielded, certainly in this generation. And it is the testimony of all who have accompanied Mr. Wilson on his campaign that, far from being difficult, his is a tongue for which the people have an instinctive, Pentecostal understanding.

If I dwell on Mr. Wilson's facility of speech, it is not merely for the sake of drawing a flattering deduction from the truth (which his father impressed him when he trained his English) that precision in utterance is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of precision of thought. I dwell on it for another reason:

The Presidency of the United States is the most commanding pulpit in the world. A President with the power of saying anything as Woodrow Wilson could say it would be bound to be a personage of extraordinary influence. Mr. Wilson's ideas being what they are, it is difficult to restrain the imagination from picturing the next President as perhaps the most influential figure in our national history.

His prime political principle being to open public business to public participation, to substitute common counsel for expert interested advice, his gift of clear and persuasive statement will be a tremendous asset. Speaking from the chair of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln with a skill which no other occupant of it ever commanded; with both the desire to make partners of all the people and the ability to address them with consummate art, it would be strange if Mr. Wilson does not give us in the White House a new type—a President largely independent of Congress, largely delivered from dependence upon the customary necessities of politics, because of his direct relations with the men and women of the country, the great body of citizenship.

That was, of course, the secret of his success in the Governorship of New Jersey. He had a hostile Legislature; at least, it thought it was hostile, in the beginning. But the Governor had only to issue a few public statements, intimating that it would be his practice to issue the like somewhat regularly, and innocently to suggest that he would be happy to go into the district of any Assemblyman or Senator who disagreed with him and talk the matter over before the people—he had only to do this, and all heart fell out of the opposition.

What Governor Wilson did in Trenton, President Wilson can, and undoubtedly will, do in Washington. It is a pure statement of fact that no President has ever approached him in power of statement, agility in debate, and persuasive charm before the people—the man is a wonder.

New political prospects open, surely, with the advent of a President likely by inclination and fitted by equipment to make himself peculiarly a President of the people.

But new prospects other than those of immediate practical politics open, too.

The country is about to learn that it has put into the White House a man of outstanding individuality on many sides. Mr. Wilson is not merely a man of ability and judgment. His policies are, the majority of the nation apparently believe, sound; they are not especially novel. But the country has yet to discover that underneath those abilities of his which have commended him to their suffrages there is a spirit of originality, a philosophy out of the ordinary. Most of those who have come into contact with Mr. Wilson have felt the radiance of his personality—"a constant influence, a peculiar grace." It is not a spirit or a philosophy that is violently self-assertive—it is its very essence not to be that—but it is distinct and individual, suffusing all his acts and words with its genius.

I happened to be at Sea Girt the evening of the day of his nomination. It was a rather affecting time, and the Governor was unusually sober. Still, he could not resist indulging a whimsicality or two when somebody prophesied, over the telephone wire, the fine "run" he was sure to make.

"I am afraid I shan't 'run' quite as fast as the ducky did when he was shot at just as he was getting away with the chicken. 'Ah done heah dat bullet twice,' he said, telling about it afterward. 'Twice!' 'Yes, boss, twice, suah 'nuff. Ah heah dat bullet once when he pass me, an' den again when ah pass him.'"

"Still," continued the newly named nominee, "I hope I shall run to better purpose than Alice did when the Red Queen and the Chess Queen dragged her off. They were breathless when they stopped and Alice had a chance to look around. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'we're just where we were when we started!' 'Oh, yes,' said the Red Queen calmly, 'you see you have to run twice as fast as that to get anywhere.'"

It's a pity to spoil a good story or a literary reminiscence with a moral, but—Mr. Wilson has run to better purpose than Alice. Even if he had not attained the Presidency, he would have reached a magnificent result.

The speeches which Mr. Wilson has been delivering during the campaign constitute a series of utterances comparable only with Lincoln's historic deliverances on slavery and union. If he had been defeated, the history of the United States, nevertheless, could never have been what it might have been with those speeches undelivered.

No one can read those speeches without an impressed sense of the broad, enfolding maturity of his philosophy of life, and yet without also a recognition that his thought has clarified and developed and his aims have expanded, as, taking great audiences into his confidence, he has swept the range of the problems of the common life of men.

Carrel —Mender of Men

By CARL SNYDER

*Oh, take my heart and take my hand,
And maybe an arm or two!
But if you need a new lung or liver,
You'll have to ask some richer giver.
Or seek the Wizard of Oz.*

—FROM "UNFETTERED RIMES."

OF COURSE you remember—in "The Wizard of Oz"—the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, men made of cans and straw. Very nice, useful beings they were, though the one lacked a heart and the other a mind, their troubles starting only when these questionable organs were acquired through the Wizard.

All this, you remember, was in what most people call a fairy-tale book, and nowadays most everyone, including the children, seem to think that all the folk in the fairy books are dead; and also the Wizard of Oz. But this last is a great mistake. He is alive and actually living in New York City, although out of the four millions who live in the great city there were only a hundred or two who knew of this until a few weeks ago they learned in the newspapers that a distinguished foreign body, the Swedish Academy of Sciences, had awarded him one of the year's Nobel Prizes.

Then everyone began to learn of the Wizard of Oz, for the reason mainly, we may fear, that the Nobel Prizes are the largest prizes ever given anywhere for anything and that each one means nearly \$40,000. Here in America, where we measure everything by dollars, everyone can understand that to receive a Nobel Prize is a very great honor, and that anyone who receives it must have done some very wonderful things.

NEEDLESS to say, the Wizard of Oz has done such things—almost unbelievable things, else why should I call him by such a name? In everyday life, where properly descriptive titles are deeply frowned upon, he is Dr. Alexis Carrel, fellow of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research in New York City, an emigrant from his native France, where he was born in what we call Lyons thirty-nine years ago; by profession a surgeon, and undoubtedly one of the most remarkable surgeons who ever lived; by choice and occupation a man of science and a student, intent upon learning new things and teaching them to others—too busy, too engrossed to keep on doing the same things over and over and make huge sums of money, as he could so easily do, and as any true American would do, and does!

But, you see, Dr. Carrel is a Frenchman, and was not only born but educated abroad and trained to the strange ideas in vogue over there, which are so un-American and so impractical! He has only been in this country about seven years, and has not yet learned our practical and thrifty ways, and so until the Nobel Prize came he was content to get along with a salary much less, for example, than that of the private secretary of many a railroad president or corporation head—just for the joy of

working and discovering new things, and doing matters that far surpass anything which Mr. Frank Baum ever imagined of his fantastic Wizard of Oz.

Stranger still, he was not doing these things, this young foreigner "in our midst," for the sake of the Nobel or any other prize. In fact, with all the natural satisfaction which it brings, he is just a little sorry that

it should have come at this time when he was so busy—doing more wonderful things! It is such an interruption to his work. First of all, it has meant hundreds and hundreds of telegrams and letters from all over the world, and these must be answered or he will seem impolite. And then he must make a voyage this winter to Stockholm to receive the prize in person and to deliver an address, and this address is supposed always to be a notable effort and, if possible, to contain some new thought or the announcement of some great discovery.

This means weeks of valuable time that might be spent in experiments! And this is only a small part of it. Thousands of people who never knew or cared to know the Wizard of Oz before he was singled out by the Swedish Academy to receive the Nobel Prize are suddenly eager to find out what he looks like and whether he eats like ordinary human beings, and to ask him thousands of foolish questions, and propound to him their ideas of what he is doing and about other things in this world! And lovely ladies, and many more who are not lovely, but merely belong to the mob of millionaires, are eager to invite him to their tables and offer him inane compliments, so that they may have the latest lion to exhibit.

So, you see, to be a Wizard of Oz and receive a Nobel Prize is not without its tribulations, especially to a young man with an imagination aflame to go to the very heart of life and seize its secret and pluck it out, and who after all is very human and has only twenty-four hours a day in which to live.

It is a hard choice, but to such a man not so difficult as it might seem to those who may never hope to gain a Nobel Prize, or anything but a little money to make them distinguished.

Being a lion, after the first glass of the champagne as it were, to a healthy-minded man can be a horrible bore. So after the first of January the Wizard of Oz has canceled all his engagements and promises himself that he will return to the simple life he led before he became, officially, a lion. Let us hope that he will, for think of what he has done, think that he has not yet turned forty, and that Galileo and Herschel and many another man of genius had hardly begun their larger careers at this age.

DR. CARREL began twelve or thirteen years ago, when he was prosecutor in the hospital of his native Lyons. It was with an amazingly simple thing—just a stitch! But it was for that stitch and all that it enabled Dr. Carrel to do that he was given the Nobel Prize, and not for the work which he is doing now, richly fruitful as that work promises to be. But did you ever stop to think how practically every step of human progress and, for that matter, every tiny advance of human intelligence has depended upon some often slight mechanical or physical thing?

Consider the question of surgery. Suppose that you were out somewhere away from any help and that a

friend had cut a vein or artery and that his life depended upon your binding it together again—how would you go about it? Very much as a seamstress would mend a patch or join together two pieces of cloth. And the degree of your success would more or less depend upon your familiarity with the seamstress's art.

Now everyone knows how deftly expert some seamstresses are, and how they will put together the edges of a piece of fabric so closely and with such a fine whipstitch that it is sometimes difficult to see the seam. Consider now that surgeons, ready-made and other, have been binding up severed veins probably for thousands and quite possibly tens of thousands of years. There is good evidence that the aborigines of both hemispheres, practiced the art of trepanning, or boring a little hole in the skull, to extract an embedded arrow, long before they were able to work in metals—that is, when they were still using stone implements. This could not have come until long after they had been able to sew up wounds.

Now the amazing part of all this is that through all these thousands of years the surgeons never gained the same dexterity with the needle that almost any housewife could show!

When Dr. Carrel began his work he was inspired with the idea that if one could transplant the organs of the body and change them about, this would mean not only a great advance in surgery, but perhaps lend a great insight into the workings of the human machine.

But every one of the organs, as we call them—the liver, the kidneys, the spleen, and so on—have large veins and arteries, sometimes several, leading to and from them, and it somehow seemed an extremely difficult thing to join arteries which had been cut. I do not know if Dr. Carrel had a mother who was wonderfully expert with her needle, but he must have known some one, for the method he worked out was beautifully ingenious.

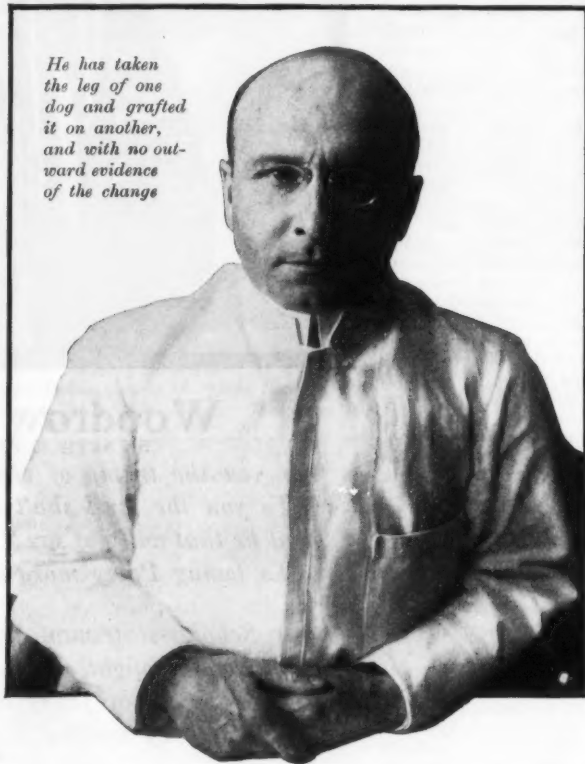
THE veins, as you know, are rather elastic little tubes, and if, in the circular opening which a cut vein would make, you made three thrusts of a needle at equally separated points, you would have what as school children we learned to call an isosceles triangle, or one with equal sides; and if each of these sides was formed by a single thread with extended ends so you could pull on them, then you could pull the vein itself into this triangular shape, and then by doing the same thing with the end of the other vein, you could put these together, end to end, and sew along a straight line.

It sounds a little complicated to describe, but it is fairly simple in practice, and the sewing together is with the same overhand stitch that every housewife knows. But notice the result.

In pulling out the little tubes of the arteries so that their ends take on this triangular shape, the tissue is considerably stretched. Now if you use the finest needle and the finest and smoothest silk thread that you can get, and make this thread still smoother by drawing it through vaseline, the holes which the needle and thread make will be so minute that when the tension is relaxed they will close up of their own accord and you will have a nearly seamless union.

This is precisely what Dr. Carrel did, and the result was that his "sutures," to use the surgeons' parlance, offered no anchorage upon which blood might clot—

*He has taken
the leg of one
dog and grafted
it on another,
and with no outward
evidence
of the change*



one of the deadly dangers of arterial surgery. And so quickly and smoothly did the tissues knit together that in an astonishingly short time the effect and often even the trace of the operation had disappeared.

It was with this simple but marvelously effective piece of technique that Dr. Carrel has performed a large part of all his subsequent miracles. But do not imagine that it is quite as easy as it looks.

Dr. Carrel described his method and its advantages in a French medical journal more than twelve years ago. It was adopted very quickly by other surgeons all over the world, and has quite revolutionized the special part of surgical practice with which it deals. And with it many others have attempted the same feats that Dr. Carrel has seemed to achieve with such apparent ease. But somehow it has only been he, and not those whom he has shown, who has done the new things.

SOME of this is due obviously to a quite unusual skill and, still obviously, some of it to a wonderful patience and perseverance; and some further part to a highly trained imagination. But all of these even would count for little were it not for one further thing. If you read Dr. Carrel's papers, even the more recent ones, you will note a curious insistence upon what he and other physicians term a rigid *asepsis*—in plain parlance, avoidance of contamination by microbes.

Here, indeed, in the most vivid sense is the surgeon's "black beast"—his deadliest foe. So long as the living tissue, like the skin or the mucous lining of the mouth and alimentary canal, is intact, the bacterial life cannot penetrate, and even the bacterial poisoning from the outside is largely excluded. But cut it, puncture it in any way, either with the surgeon's knife or a bullet, or the vicious little jigger of the mosquito or the flea, and the door is open for infection.

All this has been known now for going on half a century. It is very suggestive that after all this time Dr. Carrel should find it worth while to insist so strongly upon this elementary precaution. It is evident that in his own mind a considerable measure of his success has been the extreme care that he has taken to keep out the bacterial hosts. How important this is was brought home to him in only the present year, in the new work of which I shall tell in a moment, that of making seemingly "dead" tissue grow. In this work Dr. Carrel used only microscopic bits—often only a few cells at a time—yet even here, working with these cells which are themselves but a little larger than many of the bacteria, he found that his work was blocked incessantly by these same marauding hosts of destruction.

Here, again, was required "the most rigid asepsis." Here, again, the tremendous importance of the slightest details.

Using this technique, this patience, this caution, Dr. Carrel has been able to play with the animal machine almost as if it were made of tubes and rods of brass and iron.

He has taken important organs from one animal—the kidneys for example—and transported them into another with no evil effect.

He has taken a leg of one dog and grafted it on another in place of one taken away, and with no outward evidence of the change.

He has taken the heart of a little dog and introduced it into the neck of a larger dog and linked it up with the coronary circulation of the latter, and thus done literally probably what has never been done before, all poetry and fancy to the contrary—made two hearts to beat as one! And these are but a few of his bewildering feats.

VERY justly, though, one may inquire: What's the good of it all? A physician would answer: The greater the freedom with which we can change or control the bodily processes the greater the possibility of curing every manner of human defect. But Dr. Carrel's work would have a tremendous significance if we were not so astonishingly myopic in our ideas about human life. Consider for a moment this question:

Every year, with no great hindrance on the part of any legislative or other authority, our railways kill something like 10,000 persons. They injure something like 150,000 more. We have no very reliable figures as to factory and similar accidents, but you may make a guess at the total from the fact that about 5,000 coroners' cases are reported annually in the Borough of Manhattan, and that this latter is somewhere around one-fiftieth of the population of the Union.

If you count in from five to ten thousand murders a year and perhaps nearly as many suicides, and all the people who are killed on trolleys or run over by the ruthless automobile, it seems probable that the yearly number of violent deaths in the United States from more or less avoidable causes runs from 50,000 to 100,000. And the number of maimed and crippled must be at least ten times this—certainly far over half a million.

Now supposing we looked at this in a way that Dean Swift might

have done. Obviously, these 50,000 or 100,000 factory employees, trainmen, children in the streets, and the like, slaughtered thus with hardly a qualm, were just so much human chaff—worthless or very near it. Else would not the men who make our laws sit upon the bench or upon juries do something radical to stop it? We know that they do practically nothing.

Well, if these 50,000 lives are worth little or nothing, why should we be so horribly squeamish about them? Depending upon the degree of mutilation—whether the bodies are blown to pieces, or chewed up, or merely punctured by a bullet or killed electrically, here at a modest calculation are at least 50,000 good arms, as many legs, and perhaps a slightly less number of lungs, livers, hearts, and other organs. Why, I am sure Dean Swift would ask, should all this enormously valuable material be thrown away? Why should it not be put in cold storage in central stations from which the surgeons could draw at will in patching up and remaking the half a million or more unfortunates who are maimed and mutilated—have an arm torn off or something—without being killed?

I am aware that this idea will seem very shocking to some people, and especially to people with dull imaginations, who are duly horrified when 1,500 people are drowned like so many rats when a *Titanic* races against an iceberg, but will not contribute a solitary dollar, an hour of time, or a single vote for any law which will in any way tend to lessen the daily butchery of human beings in this country, which makes the daily industrial mortality in America greater than that of any war that was ever waged.

Meanwhile the actual application of Dr. Carrel's methods has actually begun in a small way, and we may reasonably expect that what may be called plastic surgery, on a broad scale, will be one of the developments of the future.

It was for this work largely that Dr. Carrel received the Nobel Prize, and not for the spectacular things which he is doing now. The very latest of these he described at a meeting of physicians recently in New York City. He called it a "visceral machine."

It was in effect simply the vital organs of an animal, the lungs, liver, kidneys, stomach, and alimentary tract, etc., separated from the body and from the nervous system. And for about eleven hours, or until assistants tired of blowing a bellows in this machine, tolerably normal respiration, circulation, and digestion were maintained; the heart was kept beating, the lungs expanding and contracting, the stomach secreting and digesting its food, and the blood pulsing through the arteries and back through the veins almost as if it were consciously alive.

The thing was so unbelievable that had the announcement been made by any other than a man of Dr. Carrel's standing, it would have been contemptuously dismissed as a monstrous fake. How was it done?

IF YOU open most any school physiology, even the best, you will there read, as we all were taught, that the various functions of the body are more or less under the control of the nervous system and that the proper coordination of the bodily functions (long and difficult words seem dear to most scientific writers) is thus brought about. But the difficult part of any growing and expanding science, such as physiology, is that what seems quite firmly established one day is shown to be quite untrue or, in large part, baseless the next.

The nervous control and regulation of the human machine is a case in point. Within the last five years a quantity of new work has shown that a large part at least of the bodily functions are nearly automatic, and that even the "coordination" of their functions is not effected by means of the nerves, but by substances secreted by the different organs and distributed to points, often very distant, through the circulation of the blood. These substances Professor Starling has called *hormones* or "exciters." A typical one is the substance secreted by the little suprarenal capsules, which are about as big as the end of your little finger. This substance traveling about in the blood stream controls among other things the blood pressure. Another regulates our breathing, another the opening and closing of the stomach, and probably others the beat of the heart, though this latter is not yet clear.

But note how all the advancement of knowledge is exactly like the movement of the cogs of a machine. Before this new knowledge had come no one would have dreamed of attempting to isolate the various organs and try to keep them going without the aid of any brain or nervous system. It would have been perfectly clear and demonstrable that the thing could not be done.

So you see that Dr. Carrel, with his fine technique and his patience and his daring, comes just in the nick of time. His work makes one tooth in the cogs; the work of Professor Starling and others on the hormones forms another tooth. The two fit perfectly, and behold the time machine grinding out a new marvel! Eleven hours, it is true, is not a long time to keep the bodily functions going, but there seems no good reason why this should not be kept up indefinitely under proper conditions, and machinery toward

this end, which is mainly a little mechanism for blowing up the lungs rhythmically as in ordinary respiration, is now under construction.

When this is attained, then the physiologists can perform their experiments, many of them, with the greatest ease, and without the slightest suggestion of giving pain. May we, then, hope that the dreary whine of the antivivisectionists will be stifled?

But all these achievements of Dr. Carrel's, spectacular as they are, pale in scientific interest before his latest preoccupation, which is little less than an inquiry into the mystery of life and death.

Perhaps that fact in natural phenomena, at the present time shrouded in the deepest obscurity, is the mechanism or, if you please, the cause of growth. How and under what conditions can a single bit of microscopic living matter multiply itself, and at the same time so transform itself that it may become, for example, an elephant, an oak, an orchid, or a human being? This is the problem which has so deeply occupied another member of the Rockefeller Institute, Professor Jacques Loeb, and with results of far-reaching importance.

It was another side of the question which engaged the attention of Dr. Carrel. If we snip off a sprig of plant and put it in the ground, it will often grow. In some of the lower animals the power of reproduction of parts is oftentimes considerable, extending even to the renewal of the lens of the eye. This latter is one of the most highly specialized bits of living tissue we know of. Why should this not be true of apes and other humans?

TAKING up a method devised by Professor Harrison, Dr. Carrel has already been able to produce some astonishing results.

He has been able, for example, to take bits of cold-storage chicken and set them growing again!

Of course, this growth is as yet only of microscopic dimensions, but it is none the less real and wonderful.

What is more, it seems as if this growth under proper conditions could be kept up indefinitely. Dr. Carrel has already kept some bits growing for months, and there is nothing now to indicate that there is any term to their activity. In other words, he offers the possibility of achieving immortality for individual living tissue!

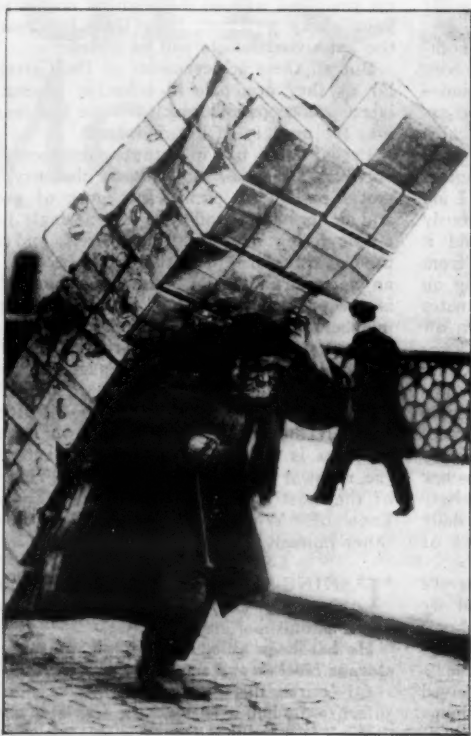
Is it any wonder that a man so gifted with manipulative power and imagination should have a heart on fire with the thoughts of what he might do if only he can live long enough?—any wonder that to such a man the allure of earning an income of \$50,000 or \$100,000 a year from his skill as a surgeon is no temptation—to whom even such a prize as the Nobel award brings probably as many worries in the way of insane interruption of his work as it did of satisfaction?—any wonder



that such a man finds it hard to understand why one should wish to be a typical money-grubbing American?

You have a natural curiosity to know something of the personal side of such a man? He is rather short of stature, with a finely rounded head, a smiling face, and those lovely continental manners which seem so difficult of reproduction in this country. Although he has been in this country only seven years, he both speaks and writes excellent English. He has something of a taste for philosophy, is an admirer, though hardly a follower, of the French writer, M. Bergson, and, by way of an avocation, has spent some of his vacation time in studying at first hand the miraculous happenings at Lourdes.

But that great philosopher and teacher whom he most deeply reveres was the French physiologist, Claude Bernard. He is of the latter a true disciple; he is more, he seems almost a reincarnation. At any rate, it is not too much to say that he is quite the greatest experimental genius in the field of physiology that France has produced since Claude Bernard closed his richly fruitful life.



One Way of Doing It

The human transport is not uncommonly seen in the present crisis in Turkey. The weights which these men carry are incredibly great



Going Out to Defeat

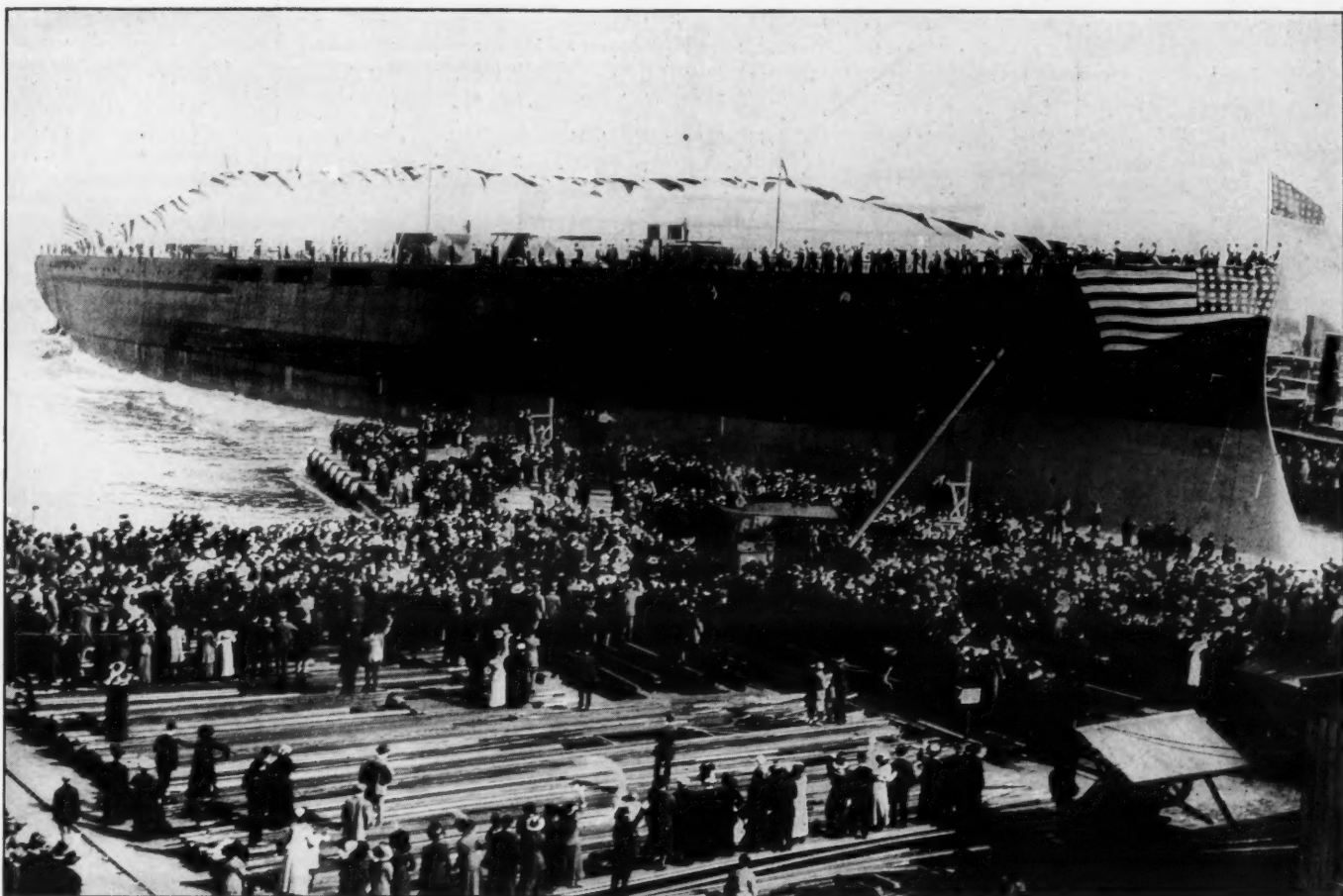
Even in Turkey they have the motor truck. The Turks are transported from points in the more remote portions of the country to the railroad by means of these occidental vehicles. The picture shows one being unloaded into a train at Constantinople. The soldiers are getting into a train bound for the front



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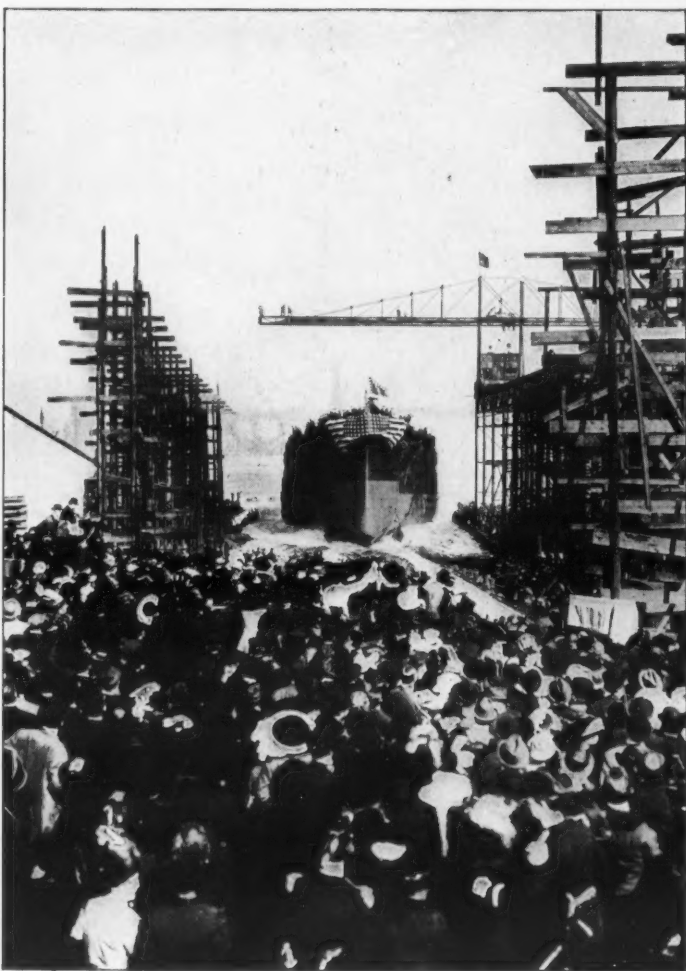
Theodore Roosevelt's Welcome Back at Madison Square Garden, New York City

The spontaneous, colorful welcome given Theodore Roosevelt by the 16,000 men and women who filled Madison Square Garden, on Wednesday night, October 30, has passed into history as a vivid, culminating scene of the pulsating, unusual national campaign. No individual could desire more of affectionate acclaim from his fellow citizens. The forty-one minutes during which cheers and songs and hymns rolled and eddied around the Colonel, presented forty-one different pictures of enthusiasm, alike only in their intensity. Sixteen thousand flags and bandana handkerchiefs waved throughout. And without, on the streets around the Garden, 25,000 persons listened to hear the cheering from within



A Dreadnought in Her Element—the Launch of the Battleship New York at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn

The President, Secretary of the Navy, Governor Dix, and the admiral of the fleet mingled their cheers with the 40,000 people who saw our tenth dreadnought slide into the East River. More powerful than any other man-of-war in the yard, the New York will, when completed, mount ten 14-inch guns and carry a torpedo defense battery of twenty-one 5-inch guns. This vessel is the sister ship to the Texas



The Great Ship Gliding Down the Greased Ways

A new method was employed in "pushing overboard" the New York. Hydraulic force released the enormous weight of her red-leaded hull, and with whistles blowing and sirens shrieking, the river craft welcomed this new mistress of American seas



"I Christen Thee New York"

Miss Elsie Calder, daughter of the Congressman of the district containing the Navy Yard, broke the customary bottle of champagne against the steel of the prow. She was attended by a flower girl, visible to the right

A Love Story of the Fourth



THERE are only three variations to the love story—that is, to the plain, common or garden variety, which, of course, consists in the fact that a man loves a woman and wins her, after sundry episodes, grave or gay. The first and second variations are, respectively, the corollary and the opposite of the main proposition, being first, a man loves a woman and doesn't win her; and, second, a woman loves a man with satisfactory results usually obtained by making him think that the wooing was his.

Now there is, as suggested, still another variety which can be guessed by eliminating propositions One, Two and Three, being in short, that a woman loves—and loses, out and out, in cold English, with no redeeming features. This form of love story is, however, such a rarity and its instances so isolated in their appearance that many scientists refuse to recognize it as a distinct species, preferring to class it as a sport, a freak of nature, an accident, like a black sheep or a blue carnation. Its habitat, if such be allowed, is in the Latin countries where luxuriant growth and extravagances of nature are more plausible, although isolated specimens are reported in the United Kingdom, especially in Ireland, and in the more thickly populated sections of the United States and Canada. Not a single instance has ever been quoted in the newer parts of the Middle West, although diligent search has been made in the schools of Indiana, which have duplicated almost every species of fiction known to the older lands.

Of such, however, was the love story of Alice Bolt, which gains its sole right to publication as being an instance of this rare and curious type. Its scenes were not extraordinary, its drama was conventional, and such interest as attaches to it is that of the curiosity seeker wishing a singularly pure example of this infrequent form. Other claims the type has not, its rarity obviating any possibility of commercial development; its arbitrary character and its lack of connection with other strains rendering it useless for scientific purposes. Its possession would be of value only to the collector, like that of a coinage abandoned in the mint. But this is the story:

ALICE BOLT was as nearly a princess as America has ever produced and Ward Hamilton as nearly a king. Their attributes were perfect and uncomplex, which gives the story its peculiar value for collectors' purposes, the types standing out hard and clear. The princess was beautiful and had many suitors; she was also rich—not wealthy, there must be no mistake about this, no impressionistic, sketchy attributes, everything must be clear and poster-like—she was rich, in other words, she was very rich. She was also clever, but this is purely incidental and has nothing to do with the story. Perhaps in speaking of a princess it were better to say that she was wise.

Now Hamilton was a king, not because anyone elected him such, or because he saw a people struggling to be saved, or because he educated himself to kingship; he was simply born that way—people are occasionally. He was big-shouldered and clear-lined, like a thoroughbred horse; he had high cheek bones and crisp-curling blond hair; he had a Roman nose and clear gray eyes that looked with infinite scorn on the world, from the cradle. He had all the picturesque vices, and incidentally it might be added that he was not a thinking man. Kings frequently are not. Kingship has no more to do with brains than has gentility or ability to put the shot. To one man who would make a fair president there are a hundred who would make excellent kings; and, by some whim of nature, one of those peculiar strains which produce the kingly type had wriggled and twisted through the world and ended in an obscure village in New Jersey where Hamilton first saw the light of day. There is nothing of the burlesque in this; it is simply a fact; you see men of the kind in all sorts of irrelevant places—on the football

field, on the police force, in box offices of provincial theatres—and occasionally on royal thrones. The children of Israel wanted a king, having pretty well in mind what a king should be; and, let me see, didn't they finally settle on a cowboy?—or a man driving jackasses?

There was only one career that such a man could follow. Fate settled it for him; he never settled anything for himself. He went into the army as naturally as an Irishman goes onto the force, or a Greek opens a candy store. There was no competitive examination, no yearnings and strivings; the way was oiled and smoothed for him from start to finish. He completed his course at The Point because he didn't happen to be fired.

HE WAS a soldier of the old-fashioned type. He was not the kind of man who takes the graduate course at Fort Leavenworth or helps to revise the field service regulations according to most approved German methods. He wrote no letters to the "Army and Navy Journal" giving expert opinions on just how many railroad cars should be allowed the quartermaster's department in times of war and how many ounces of bacon should be carried by an enlisted man in the field. He buckled on his saber in the morning and wore the best fitting coat in the army; he overslept reveille roll call and muddled his property accounts; he bet on every football game in the United States and played poker all night. The proper conduct of a patrol and the rules for fire discipline were Greek to him. If there had been a war he would have marched up to the cannon's mouth and tweaked its nose, being, in the meantime, blown into eternity by a machine gun handled by a flat-chested engineer in spectacles. Nothing would have been accomplished—not very much lost; for such is the way of kings.

But it was inevitable that such a fellow should be adored by every man, woman, and child with whom he came in contact, and for once in her life Alice Bolt was no exception to the general rule.

It was in the summer of any given year when the War Department mobilized great masses of the National Guard and a few regiments of regulars for annual maneuvers; when bloodless battles were fought and won at Hanover Four Corners and Bedford Court House; when umpires with white bands on their hats intercepted bayonet charges and decided that four hundred and fifty-four and a quarter men had been killed and that the whole thing couldn't be done anyway; when paymasters and medicos wrote lengthy reports to the effect that "the maneuvers were the most instructive in the history of the United States army"; when foreign attachés and "observers" rode in motor cars on the hospitality of the Government and laid bets on which animal would win at the Olympic horse show.

After the maneuver, the Thirty-first Infantry, of which Hamilton was now a battalion adjutant, started

overland for its home station and had reached Newland Pier when wires from Washington hastily intercepted it. The Mexicans were fighting each other within two inches of the border, or Japan was shipping three regiments of infantry disguised as college professors to the Pacific coast, or Germany had fired a salute in Venezuela or some other awful international crisis was approaching. Troops were being hurried every which way from Forts D. A. Russell and Benjamin Harrison; newspapers were issuing extras and the stock market was going to pieces, so the Thirty-first was held in its tracks to await orders.

ONE day it waited, and a week, and two weeks and three, until the tents were lined with mosquito netting and the post exchanges were set up in the regimental streets and a drainage system was installed and the sporting men laid out a race track and the susceptible officers became engaged and the privates married outright and Newland Pier became to all intents and purposes a permanent army post. And now the story may fire when ready, Gridley, as in Newland Pier lived Alice Bolt.

They were mounting guard after "Retreat" in those days, and it was a great sight for the carriages and motors of the summer colony to happen down at sunset to witness the ceremony—first the slow wailing notes of the bugles in the sweetest of all calls, then, from over by the flagstaff, the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" played by the deep bass horns of the band while the companies stood lined and stiff in the streets presenting arms, while officers who had been lying on their backs in front of their tents, wondering how they would pay their tailor's bills, leaped to their feet and faced the colors; while gray-haired major



For the last time Alice and the big adjutant stood at the head of the terrace looking out toward the setting sun

generals who had once been on the Governor's staff and who prided themselves on knowing just what to do, uncovered and allowed the tears to well into their eyes as they remembered the days they had fought and bled in the Newland Hotel, serving their country's flag and highballs. Then the color sergeants took in the standards and the companies dismissed; the fair visitors mingled with the officers and said "How picturesque"; the enlisted men took the trolley car for New Providence to drink brown turpentine and encounter brass knuckles.

Class

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

After that came guard mount, the real ceremony of the day, when the bugles snapped out the "Adjutant's Call," the band opened up with a blare, the sergeant major measured off his paces and the details came swinging up to the line. That was Hamilton's show and he did it well. The squads were verified and ranks were opened; the band started playing softly and the adjutant went down for inspection. The first man came to port arms and cracked open the chamber of his rifle. For a second, Hamilton stood before him, motionless; then with a lightninglike movement grabbed the gun as if he were delivering a body blow, tossed it over and back in his hands, twisted it two or three times and then shot it back at the man as if his one object were to knock him down, repeating the trick all the length of the line.

INSPECTION over, the ranks were put at "Parade Rest," the adjutant looked toward the band and snarled "Sound Off" in true military style, as one who would say: "Now, you scum of the earth, play if you can, but I don't believe you can do it." Such an adjutant a regiment loves almost to adoration.

The pompous drum major raised his baton three times and three times the bugles shrieked. Then with a boom, a rattle, and a blare the band marched out, strutted the whole length of the line and returned, while every man in the formation stood like steel.

That summer, medleys of popular songs were in high favor among bands, and that of the Thirty-first Infantry had one which reflected high credit on the ingenuity of the chief musician. It included everything from "Dixie" to "Cavalleria Rusticana," all played in brisk marching time and all surrounded and interwoven with quips and cranks and wanton pranks, from the bass horns, and the oboes, the snare drums, and piccolos, until the main melody, or the two melodies which were sometimes played at once, were disguised as if hidden in a fretwork.

But this afternoon, as the drum major lifted his baton and the phalanx of brass swung out into line, the quips and quirks suddenly straightened themselves out and the air peeled forth:

"Oh-h, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with ha-ir so brown?" [Teedle-tum-tum-boom—this last from the piccolos and the bass drum.]

All the way down the line it went, changing in the middle to:

"Max- [te-de-rum-tum] well-ton braes are bon-ny
Where ear- [te-de-rum] ly falls the dew,
For 'twas here [te-de-rum] that A-a-nie Laurie
Gave me [te-de-rum] her prom- [te-de-rum] ise
true."
[Teedle-deedle-rattle-BOOM.]

At the end of the line, when they countermarched, they were playing "Yankee Doodle" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" at once, but as they swept back in front of the guard, and the full blare of the horns struck the spectators, again they broke out:

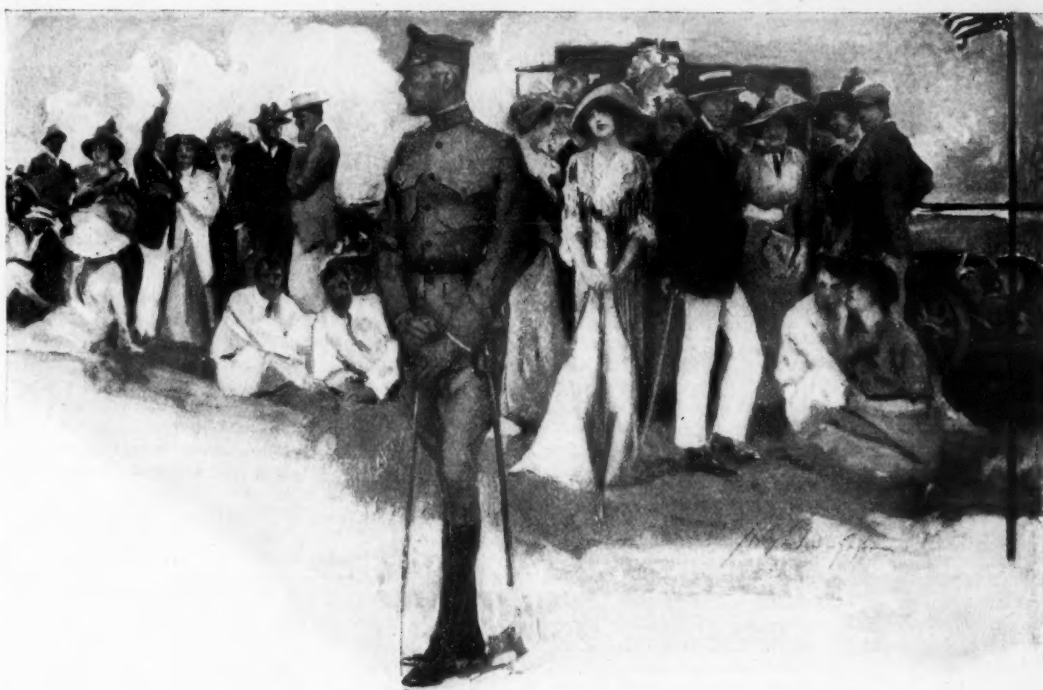
"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Three times, again, the drum major lifted his baton; three more blasts from the bugles and silence fell. A few gruff commands, the guard was turned over to the officer of the day, it marched in review and the crowd began dissolving to its many occupations, while officers unbuckled sabers and threw them on cots; while white dresses appeared in the headquarters street and a smell of cooking arose from the company fires.

BUT, among the last to go, was Alice Bolt, who stood white-veiled and parasoled at the door of a rich French limousine. She had seen the whole ceremony, had heard the music and, for the first time in her life, had fallen in love at first sight—with the big adjutant. It is the universal privilege of mankind to do this once, like eating a peck of dirt or taking a Cook's tour to Europe; but most people have recovered at sixteen. The disease is rare among adults.

But Alice, be it remembered, had lived a life entirely unexposed to such epidemics, sheltered behind big walls of more than convention and guarded by an ogre of an English governess so that not even the sturdy little boys of Groton and St. Mark's, who used hockey skates and were promised a racing car if they wouldn't smoke until they were twenty-one, had once looked over her wall to pass the time of day and exchange their susceptible hearts for hers.

Suitors she had—it has already been stated—but they came with all the dullness and all the pomposity of middle age—and fairy stories.



"And when the fame of the beauty and the great riches, great riches (why will they persist in using linotype machines in the printing offices? Their mechanical errors of repetition cause such embarrassing mistakes), great riches of the princess came to the ears of the Prince of Huddledub, he sent ambassadors to her father to lay suit for her hand and then messengers from afar announced that the prince himself, accompanied by a great retinue, was approaching."

ALL very well, that sort of thing, but have you ever caught the laughing eye of a strange girl at a Yale-Princeton game? Very different that, and conducive of a much more satisfactory feeling.

Suitors in plenty had Alice and, little as they interested her, she accepted with perfect equanimity the fact that, some day, she must marry one of them, much as she accepted the fact that she must come out on her eighteenth birthday and go to the opera on the first Monday in November. And, in the meantime, as years passed on, her mother and a social manager, and an aunt who ruled New York, tabulated the chances, footed up the results and decided that, unforeseen dukes and princes of Monaco being left out of the calculations, the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague Barstow, younger brother of the Earl of Keene, should be the correct answer. Now odd as it may seem, the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague was not old, he was not ugly, he was not dissipated as an English nobleman in an American love story should be. He was brought up quietly in the country and, when his trousers wore out from climbing beech trees the housekeeper patched them. He never owned a dress suit until half through Eton and, if left to himself, he would have married the vicar's daughter, who had no money whatsoever but could throw a cricket ball like an undergraduate. But the Honorable Charles Alfred had also a mother and an aunt, so Alice and he simply sighed lightly and accepted the inevitable.

The Honorable Charles was in England that summer, and as he scarcely remembered Alice, when she was out of his sight, and as she scarcely remembered him, her mind was fully open when she saw the big khaki shoulders of First Lieutenant Wade Hamilton, battalion adjutant of the Thirty-first.

As long as she lived did she remember every sight, sound and smell of that summer afternoon—the crowds, the soldiers, the music, and above it all, the proud, supercilious figure of the adjutant which loomed above the rest in her picture as a cartoonist draws the figure of Theodore Roosevelt chasing the trusts.

SHE heard the notes of the band breaking into "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and, within her, some wild strain of forgotten romance, weeded and choked in her hothouse garden of a soul, sprang into full bloom. She had always been twitted on the song and had disregarded the similarity of the names as a rather silly pun; but, today, it seemed like a stroke of Providence. Nothing seems silly when one is truly in love and over and over in her head rang the notes in a glad, overwhelming delirium.

It was not hard to meet Wade Hamilton. It would not have been hard for Alice Bolt to meet anybody, and,

flushed with the first great genuine passion which she had ever felt in her life, Alice demanded that he come to her and he came—and twice and thrice and all through the weeks which followed.

Gossip spread, and they said that it would be a great catch for the young subaltern—and it would have been, though not in the sense that they meant it. They said, more openly, that he was after her money; but they did Hamilton's mind a very great injustice—not Hamilton but Hamilton's mind. He saw her money no more than he saw her servants, who, from the first time that he crossed the threshold, accorded him, instinctively, a greater deference than they had ever accorded anyone who had entered that house—trust English-bred servants to recognize, by instinct, a king. For, in this, Hamilton proved, to the shadow, his kingly nature. He knew that Alice had money; he knew that a great many people had money; but that he could gain a transference of it to himself by scheming, theft, marriage or, in short, anything except frank and kingly conscription never entered his range of ideas. To Hamilton, money was a fairly desirable attribute that some people had and some people hadn't—like black hair or a tenor voice. Beyond that there was no use in thinking of it. If he had had a thousand dollars he would have spent it for the first jewel which struck his fancy and then wondered, vaguely, why there was no more to spend.

WITH her money out of the calculations, there were left in Alice—for Hamilton's eyes—her beauty and her brains. The latter he could not appreciate, having none whatsoever himself, and as for her beauty, no doubt she was attractive and well-dressed and all that sort of thing, but while she talked to him and looked at him with every nerve in her body tingling and drank him in with her eyes, he tapped his foot idly, answered, "Yes, indeed," and wished he was down in New Providence where he knew a bright little skirt who worked in a manicure shop and was no end of a good sport.

Day after day they talked together, or rather Alice talked to him, and night after night they danced, while the girl thrilled at the very nearness of him and looked up into his eyes and imagined what she saw there, and week after week he accepted her luncheons and her dinners and her tennis courts—as all kings accept tributes of the kind.

Then, one evening, a messenger boy on a bicycle came whistling and pedaling up to the colonel's orderly, who handed a yellow envelope to the "K. O." which made that gray-haired gentleman swear profusely and joyously and send his compliments to Major Beacon to tell him that the War Department had at last pulled up the stakes. Then quartermasters began counting their mules, and first sergeants overhauling their men, and officers buying tooth powder.

For the last time, Alice and the big adjutant stood at the head of the terrace looking out toward the setting sun. Below them stretched marble gateways and neat-cut hedges and green lawns and the flashing silver of great carved fountains. Above them rose the massive piles and the flanking porticoes of a palace that Hamilton could have had if he had even turned over his hand; but as they looked in silence toward the west, she waiting and waiting and counting the minutes which were



The Purple

By DONALD KENNICOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY M. V. BREITMAYER

THIS is the story of a purple patch on a gray career—of Marcus Aird, a poor man who acquired a priceless and imperishable treasure. For though Aird possessed a fattish bank balance, he was poor: he had never known romance; he was ignorant of battle; he knew not the thrill of mysterious adventure—Memory, that bank account of the spirit, would have honored but the slimmest of drafts for him. And it was this man whom the relenting fates chose as the protagonist of that strange affair at the Bottle House Tavern in the Moroccan city of El Rabat.

The whole business really began for Aird when, riding down in the elevated one morning just as he had ridden down to his work on countless other mornings, he casually read a newspaper account of the disappearance of Justin Moore, the poet-preacher of East Church, and of the coincident vanishing of some thirty thousand dollars in bonds belonging to that church. The next preliminary incident was when, just two weeks later, young Palmer, the assistant cashier of the New Jersey manufacturing plant of which Aird was chief clerk, failed to return from his vacation—and when investigation disclosed the ancient, dishonorable story of juggled accounts and embezzled funds. But it was not until three months afterward, when the fruitless search for young Palmer and his loot had long been abandoned, that Aird's Great Adventure really began.

One morning Aird was summoned to the private office of Simeon Gray, the president of his firm, and found that gray-haired colonel of industry poring over one of many letters. "Well, Marcus," began the old man abruptly, swinging about on his swivel chair, "I guess we've found out what became of Palmer. Read that."

Aird took the letter which his employer handed him and read hurriedly:

EL RABAT, MOROCCO, September 28, 1912.

MESSRS. S. A. GRAY & COMPANY.

MY DEAR SIR—It seems my duty to address you on a subject which may perhaps concern you. Yesterday, at an inn in this city known to Europeans as the "Bottle House Tavern," an unidentified man died of fever and wounds. Some hours before his demise, he endeavored to leave a communication for you. Presumably because there was no ordinary writing material at hand, he scratched a curious series of letters on the whitewashed mud-brick wall above his head. These begin: "S. A. Gray & Co., New York." Then occur the following letters: "A. X. L. D. M. R.," etc.; after them there are a large number of others, but it is difficult to decipher them and they seem to convey no meaning.

If the man was anyone known to you, you will know what steps to take—whom to inform, etc. He seemed to have been about twenty-five years of age, slender, with light brown hair and blue eyes; he was about five feet ten in height and weighed perhaps not more than ten stone. He seemed recently to have undergone much hardship.

Acting as American Chargé, I attended to the interment, and have at my office the few personal possessions left—none of them of much value. If this matter concerns you, or if you can aid in the identification of the deceased, I shall be pleased to hear from you.

Your obdt. Servt., WILLIAM RAMSAY,
His Majesty's Consul, El Rabat, Morocco.

Aird looked up slowly when he had finished this surprising epistle and pursed his lips. "I guess that was him all right," he commented simply.

"No question of it," affirmed old Simeon. "You see those letters that the consul speaks of are the beginning of a message in our private cipher. 'I gave the money—' Did you get that?"

Aird nodded and his employer continued abruptly: "Now, Aird, I want you to go there—to El Rabat—right off. You're the only one that knows all about the

business—you knew Palmer, and you know our cipher and you know those securities he got away with. I want you to find the money if possible—clear up Richardson can take your place here. There's a boat to-morrow."

Aird gasped a moment, but the habit of obedience was strong within him. "All right, sir," he answered. And five minutes later he was busied with his preparations for departure.

That evening, however, Aird was summoned by telephone to Simeon Gray's house. When he arrived, shortly afterward, he was ushered into the brown-paneled library of the old Riverside Drive mansion; and there he waited alone for some ten minutes, watching the wood fire and speculating on this sudden upsetting of his orderly life. Then a portière was drawn aside and there entered a young woman dressed in soft gray—a young woman of a singular and delicate beauty, whose deep-set eyes dwelt for an instant of calm scrutiny upon Aird before she advanced into the room.

"Mr. Aird, I think," she said evenly, in a voice which was an excellent thing. And as Marcus bowed acknowledgment, she added: "I am Miss Gray—won't you sit down? Father has told me about the letter from Morocco in the Palmer matter and about your journey. And—on that account I wish to ask a favor of you."

"Why, of course," answered Aird, vaguely. "Anything I can do—"

"It's about Mr. Moore," the girl pursued—"Mr. Justin Moore. You know of him?"

"Just a little," Aird explained. "What I read in the papers."

"You read, I suppose, that he took the church's money and ran away and has not been heard from?"

"It was something like that, I think."

THE girl nodded. "Yes, that was what they said. Well, it isn't true. For one thing, I—know he couldn't do a thing like that, and—for another, I have heard from him."

"You have heard from him?" Aird repeated stupidly.

"Yes—you see, we were engaged to be married."

There was a little pause, and as Aird regarded her earnest, troubled face, many things gradually became clear to him. "It was a week after he left," she con-

to his church. And so—of course it's just a chance; but you may realize how—how important it is to me."

"I'll do my best, ma'am, of course," Aird promised. He took his leave then. And all during his long voyage across the Atlantic, which began next day, he was haunted by a vivid memory of Millicent Gray—of her singular and delicate beauty, of the wistful appeal in her voice, of the deep trouble in her eyes.

So began the Great Adventure.

ON A HOT, brilliant morning some two weeks later, Marcus Aird found himself trudging down the dusty street of El Rabat on his way to the Bottle House Tavern. He had arrived the evening before and had spent the night with the British consul. That official had been ill of a fever, however, and had therefore sent his dragoman to guide Aird to his destination. So Marcus trotted along beside the consular factotum, and the sudden revelation of the strange tropic town struck the American dumb with wonder.

Presently they brought up before the deep-arched gate of the tavern. And while the dragoman accosted a huge, all but naked, negro who was in attendance, Aird stared curiously at what seemed to be a tattered, half-witted beggar who squatted in the shadow, idly sifting sand through his long, brown fingers. At a sign from the dragoman, Aird passed within, and seated himself on a shelflike divan which ran around all four sides of the tavern's long, vaulted main room, while the dragoman went in search of the hostess.

It was a curious apartment—cool, tile-floored, silent. The windows, of which there were many, had been glazed by the simple expedient of filling up the deep apertures with empty liquor bottles set in mortar; and through them the brilliant North African sun cast jeweled, church-window lights, stained to rare tints of topaz and amethyst and aquamarine. Here and there the lights fell on a nargile or a brass coffee tray on one of the many little tables, but for the most part they contended only with shadows.

Soon the dragoman returned, ushering in the hostess, Sará Lastyrie—a handsome *brune* of perhaps thirty-five, dressed in faded mauve and black, and wearing a heavy gold anklet doubled about one forearm.

"You wish to be entertain', M'sieu?" she asked as she came forward.

"Yes—that is, Ma'am," Aird stammered, handing her the letter of introduction and explanation with which the consul had forearmed him. Before opening the missive, the woman fixed a pair of deep brown eyes on Aird in a long stare of appraisal which he found most curiously perturbing. She read the letter then, slowly, as if with difficulty, while Aird alternately watched her in troubled uncertainty and let his gaze stray about the apartment, abruptly aware that he had been projected into a new, mysterious, and perilous world.

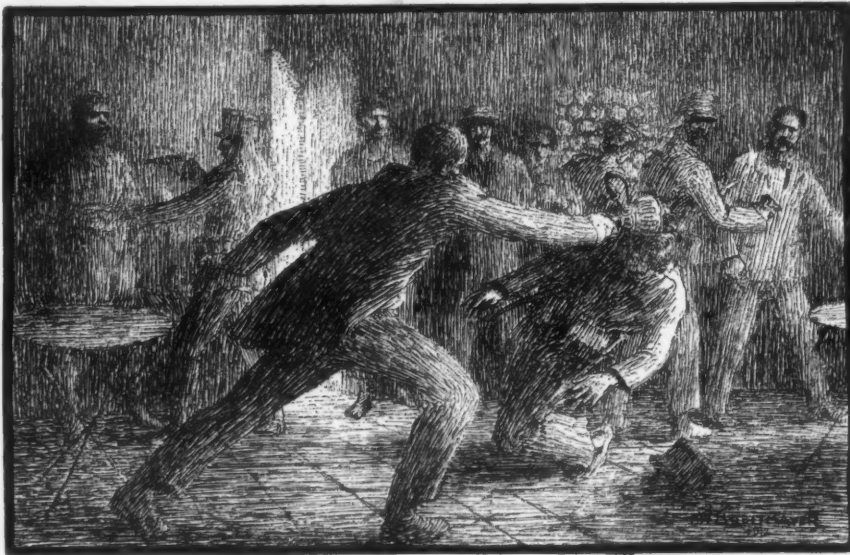
"I comprehend," said the woman suddenly, looking up. "You are M'sieu Air' of Amerique, and you are come in the affair of M'sieu Palmer, who is dead. I am Madame Lastyrie, and will conduc' you to his room—which is at your disposal."

WITH this Madame Lastyrie turned, and Aird followed her out across a clay-floored courtyard, shaded by a disreputable palm or two, to a rickety stairway of worn, unpainted wood, which led to the balcony above. A few steps down the balcony the woman threw open a door, entered a dark apart-

ment, and with the aid of a stick flung back the shutter of a window set high in the wall. "Voici," she announced. "This is the apartment of M'sieu Palmer."

Aird glanced swiftly about the little room—from the battered *armoire* against one wall to the rickety deal table and chair under the high window, and then to the bed, with its dusty, long-untouched counterpane, opposite. But there were no signs of writing above it, and only when Aird turned in disappointment to Madame Lastyrie did he see upon the fourth wall, scratched through the whitewash, the words "S. A. Gray & Co.," and below them a long irregular medley of seemingly incoherent letters.

"We move the bed, after M'sieu Palmer die," ex-



The battle flame flashed up in his brain. Catching up the water-filled nargile, he dealt the man a smashing blow that felled him unconscious

tinued presently. "I received a cablegram from Gibraltar. It just said: 'Don't worry. All right. Have written.' I have never heard anything more—no letter has come. And, of course, I fear that something has happened to him. But I know him too well to believe that he took that money—there was no reason why he should. And now that we have had that letter about Palmer, I can't help but connect him with that. I don't know how. Perhaps—"

HER voice faltered, and Aird saw that she had caught a trembling lip between her teeth. "I see," he commented. "You think I may get track of Moore, too?" "Might you not? As I said, I can't help but feel there is some connection. Justin knew Palmer—the man went

Patch

Which Romance Wrought Upon the Gray Career of One Marcus Aird

plained Sará. "It is a custom. And now, M'sieu, will you for the moment excuse? I have the *affaire*."

She vanished, and Aird fell eagerly to a careful examination of the curiously scrawled message. That it was Palmer's deathbed confession was soon evident; but the Gray & Co. cipher was an intricate one, and after the first three lines Aird found himself in difficulties, for, apparently as the dying man grew weaker, the letters swayed more and more drunkenly, and gradually became all but undecipherable.

These first three lines, however, were enough to set Aird's already tight-strung nerves a-tingle. They read:

I gave back the church bonds to Moore. I think he hid them somewhere near El About before the Riffs attacked us. The money I took from you—

Aird was still diligently laboring to decipher the rest of the tangle when Sará Lastyrie appeared in the doorway. "*Déjeuner est servi, mon ami*," she announced.

AIRD at first declined to eat; then, reflecting that he might as well rest a bit and take the opportunity to ask a question or two, he got up and followed down the rickety stairs.

In the courtyard, the tattered beggar whom Marcus had previously noticed at the gate crouched in the scant shade, preoccupied as before in sifting the dust through his brown fingers. But this time, as Aird was about to pass, the man rose suddenly, crooked a bony claw at the American, and glared with the wild, prophetic eyes of a John the Baptist. The bony hand gestured solemnly; and from out the dusty beard a hoarse voice suddenly boomed out, croaking in excellent English to the time kept by the gravely flourished claw:

*"It is the Angel Isra'el,
And he stoppeth one of three
By thy heartstrings and thy glitt'ring lute,
Now wherefore stopst thou me—"*

The voice abruptly ceased; the hand dropped; the fierce eyes clouded; and with a face grown suddenly dull and childlike the man all at once sank to his haunches and again fell idly to sifting the dust through the talons which were his fingers.

Aird stared in dumb amazement, but Sará, plucking at his sleeve, drew him on into the main room, where he found one of the little tables set with a luncheon for him.

"It is but the poor *lunatique*, M'sieu," she explained as Aird seated himself. She hovered about, talking at random in her husky, caressing voice, while she served him eggs and fruit and coffee. Presently she asked: "You have the *pasa-porta*, M'sieu?"

"Passport?" Aird repeated. "Yes, of course. The port officials found it quite correct."

"You have it with you?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Why?"

"Oh, it is well to be careful," she replied evasively. And a moment later, as a slim, graceful young girl, whose eyes were red from recent tears, appeared in the doorway, Sará added: "My sister Leonor, M'sieu. She will serve you. I have to do elsewhere."

Aird raised a detaining hand. "Just a minute, if you don't mind?" he asked. "Tell me—about this man Palmer. Where did he come from?"

"God knows, M'sieu. From the deser', I think. It was about two months ago that he come. He ver' fatigue—seeck. He give me money and I care for him, but he ver' seeck and he have the woun'—here and here—terrible, M'sieu. I have the docteur, but no—he die."

"And he had no—no baggage with him?"

"Rien, M'sieu—he have nothing except that in his pockets. As I have said, he come in ver' fatigue—from the deser'; he lean upon the shoulder of the old mendiant."

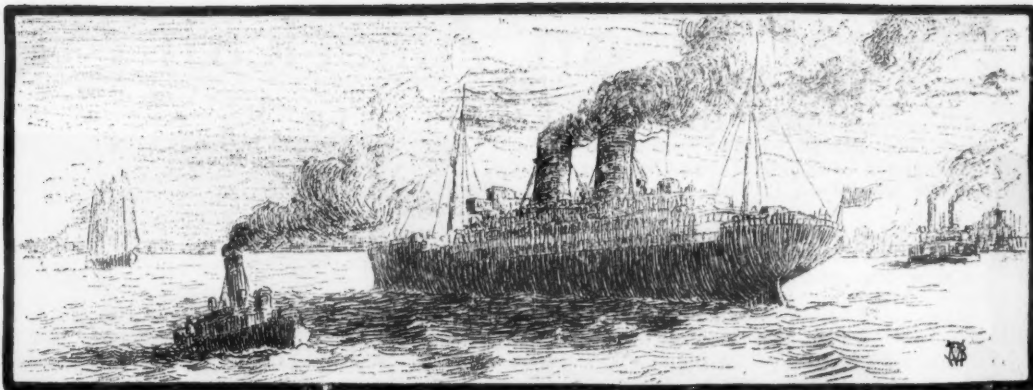
"Who's that?"

"The old beggar that you saw in the courtyard. He is quite mad, but without harm; one lets him wander about and gives him to eat."

"Then Palmer and the beggar came together?" Aird put down his cup and gazed for a moment into vacancy. Then a wild possibility occurred to him; he leaped to his feet and ran out into the courtyard.

But the beggar was gone.

AIRD returned to his luncheon in the now deserted main room, finished it thoughtfully, and then went back to his task in the apartment where Palmer had died. A dozen little things told his meticulous eye that some one had been in the apartment during his absence,



but he thought little of the matter and fell eagerly to work. And after some two hours' arduous labor, he had deciphered all but a few words of the message. It read:

I gave the money and church bonds back to Moore. I think he hid them somewhere near El About before the Riffs attacked us. We barely escaped with our lives; Moore was hit on the head and has been out of his mind ever since.

The money I took from you I spent partly. The rest I gave back to Moore too. I am sorry for all the trouble I have caused you, but—

Aird was puzzling nervously over the last word or two, when the almost sepulchral silence of the house was broken by a sudden sound of tramping feet and

of the hunt. It ended in no view halloo, however; presently the band of searchers was reassembled by the officer in command; and soon came the rhythmic tramping of their departing feet.

Aird returned to his work. But the remainder of the message was evidently unimportant—merely the last excuses of the poor devil who had gone wrong and paid so dearly for it. And so for a time Marcus abandoned himself to the memories of the surprising day and to the strange impressions that crowded so vividly upon him—the whisper of the slightly stirring palm leaves in the courtyard, glimpses of the little lizard scampering about the roof beams, the strange scent, curiously commingled, of roasting coffee, camel corral, some sort of strange flowers, and divers unknown ingredients, which came to him through door and window. The first shadow of twilight had fallen when he turned in his chair and—saw that which held him breathless: on the dusty counterpane of the bed through which the soldier had thrust his bayonet was a round crimson spot!

Even as Aird gazed, horror-smitten, the spot seemed slowly to grow larger, like a spot of ink on blotting paper. And as a realization of what the spot signified flashed into his mind, he forced himself to his feet and moved tremulously over beside the bed. Gingerly, with fearsome fingers, he stripped off the counterpane, and was about to explore farther when something stirred under the blanket beneath, and he shrank back, blind with terror, as the something leaped with a snarl from the hollowed-out mattress.

When next Aird could see clearly, he beheld a pale and blood-stained youth crouching beside the bed, a knife held ready to strike, his white teeth bared in wolfish menace.

FOR an instant the two stood thus. Then Sará Lastyrie, followed by Leonor, glided swiftly into the room and flung herself between them.

"No, no, Fernan'," she cried sharply. Turning to Aird, she added: "It is all right, M'sieu. This is Fernan', the—the fren' of my sister Leonor'."

She paused, glancing from one to the other in indecision. Then, as if resolved upon some great risk, she turned to the American, stretching out her hands in a passionate gesture of appeal. "*Voilà*, M'sieu," she cried. "Fernan' is a soldier. He desert because he wish to marry Leonor' and take her away wit' him before it is too late. There is one Serav, who is

rich and horrible, who wish her for a wife—and the rich obtain their desire. Fernan' come las' night—fatigue, starve'. It is suspec' that he is here. I hide him in the bed of the room where you are. The soldiers come; they search; they do not find.

"But they come again, M'sieu—and again, until they find. And then there will be—death, M'sieu. So Fernan' and Leonor' must go away, and to go away they must have the *pasa-porta*. M'sieu, can you not help? They are but children."

Turning, Sará pointed to the two lovers. The young Spaniard had dropped back weakly and sat on the side of the bed; Leonor' had crept farther into the room and was clumsily endeavoring to bind up the ugly gash in his leg that had been made by the soldier's searching bayonet.

"I don't know," said Aird doubtfully. "I don't know as I think much of a fellow that deserts. What did you enlist for if you weren't going to stick?"

THE Spaniard looked up and flushed darkly. "Listen, Mister," he cried passionately. "When I am fifteen—a boy—I go with my brother to America—to California. There we work in the vineyard—in the winery. I learn; I make the money; when I am grown I come back to España to see the father and the mother. Soon I am seize'—conscript—and made to be a soldier because I have not before serve'. I cannot escape. I am sent

(Continued on page 22)



Sará had risen to escape Aird's detaining hand, when a tall figure which had appeared in the doorway walked hesitatingly toward them

of gruff voices. Aird stepped to the door and over the balcony rail saw a number of crash-uniformed Spanish soldiers hurrying about the courtyard, pausing here and there to peer into corners and under benches. Four of them came running up the balcony steps; of these, two continued on up the ladder which led to the roof, while the others went systematically around the balcony from room to room. As they came to Aird's door, Sará Lastyrie appeared, pale and tight-lipped.

"They seek one who have desert'," she explained to the American. "Show them the *pasa-porta*."

AIRD produced the paper, and while a scowling corporal scanned it carefully, Sará poured out a river of smooth-flowing Spanish explanation, gesturing first to the bed, with its counterpane dusty from disuse, then to Aird, and finally to the scrawled wilderness of figures on the whitewashed wall. The soldier handed back Aird's passport with a grunt; then the two of them entered the room, peered under the bed, behind the hangings, and into the clothes press; one of them, in a most businesslike way, even thrust his bayonet several times through the dusty counterpane into the mattress. Then they passed out and pursued their search elsewhere.

For a moment or two after they had gone Aird stood by his door on the balcony, watching the hurrying figures of the soldiers and listening to the hubbub

What Is an American?

By HONORÉ WILLISIE



Part II

The Conquest of the Workingman

THERE was an old Sioux chief who loved Fred-
eric Remington, the artist. When they told
the chief that Remington was dead, the old
Indian looked off over the prairie and said slowly:
"Another big chief gone! First the buffalo, then the
Injun, then Remington."

America might make the phrase a little broader and
say: "Another big chief gone! The buffalo, the Indian,
then the Anglo-Saxon."

For the old Anglo-Saxon, the maker of trails, the
giver of laws, is going. Here in America he opened
up the wilderness, he drove the road, he bridged the
stream, he made the law. The wilderness was of un-
precedented richness of resource. The roads he made
were straight and easy. His laws were broad and kind.
The needy of Europe followed after the trail maker,
overran him and smothered him.

America was conceived in the idealism which was
typified by two great Anglo-Saxons, George Washing-
ton and Abraham Lincoln. America has always believed
that the ideals of these men were so fundamentally
right that they would carry America through any set
of untoward conditions.

She has believed this so firmly that she has ignored
all the untoward conditions and has left the ideals to
take care of themselves. And this is what has been
happening in America:

SINCE 1820 America has received from Europe and
Asia some twenty-eight million people. Eighteen
million of these came in the period from 1880 until now.
Ten million of these came before 1880. In other words,
America had sixty years in which to adjust herself to
ten million newcomers who were Teutonic, of the same
race stock as the original settlers. And she had thirty
years in which to adjust herself to eighteen million
aliens, eighty-seven per cent of whom were eastern and
southern Europeans, of utterly different race stock.

Now, the point about race stocks is this: that people
of the same race have the same fundamental outlook
of life and assimilate each other easily, while a great
number of alien races gathered together will not mingle
easily, and will, with their different ideals, institutions,
and tongues, disintegrate the existing institutions of the
country, unless the citizens of that country realize the
imminence of chaos and force their ideals on every
inhabitant of the country. The stability of a nation is
to be measured not by the number of its inhabitants
but by the number of its citizens.

America has taken for granted an unprovable idea:
that by some unnamed and mysterious process she could
assimilate any number and kind of humans. That
shortly out of this assimilation would come one single
race that would be an improvement on anything that
went into the making. This is delightful if true. If
not true, one may do some lying awake of nights wonder-
ing what the America of two generations hence may be.

The immigration to America since 1880 has brought
elbow to elbow races that are in many ways as alien to
each other as they are to the Teutons. They are the
Alpine, the Mediterranean, the Asiatic, and the African
stocks, all with inherently different social and political
traditions and ideals. The Slav has as little in com-
mon with the Teuton as he has with the Latin races.
The south Italian is one of the most mixed types in
Europe. His contribution in numbers to America in
the past few years has been very great, and he has
shown a great tendency to live in colonies of his

kind, which adds to the difficulty not only of assim-
ilating him but of educating him. The south Italian
temperament is alien to the Slav and to the Teuton.
The Greek is not the ancient Greek, but commercial
in ideal and instinct. And the Teuton, the Anglo-
Saxon, who has been expected to assimilate these,
is nearer barbarism than any of them. He shows it
most strongly in his love of trail making and adventure
and in the simplicity of his law. And he always has
been and probably always will be a poor "assimilator."
After centuries in India, in Africa, in Australia, and
America, he still is the Teuton.

On the other hand, at least two of the south Euro-
pean races now pouring into America have remarkable
mixing powers. These are the Slavs and the Latin peo-
ple. Out of the chaos of east and west in Russia it
is the Slavic type that emerges triumphant. The Latin
races mingle well with even the most divergent people.
For example, they have not hesitated at any time to
mingle with the negro. They do not hold the strong
aversion of the Teutonic mind to the negro. In South
America, in Mexico, in the West Indies, we find that
the Latins and the negroes have become amalgamated.

This quality of the Latins, in the
light of the present type of immi-
gration, is of the utmost impor-
tance to the United States. There
is a strong movement on foot
among the railway and steamship
companies to relieve the congested
conditions in the Eastern United
States by transporting colonies of
southern Italians and Slavs to the
South. The Southerners resent this
bitterly, feeling that with eight mil-
lion negroes on their hands their
labor problem is sufficiently com-
plicated without adding another form
of cheap and ignorant labor to it.
They have not noted, seemingly,
the racial complications that may take
place in addition to those of labor.
The Mediterranean and Asiatic
races not only interbreed with the
negro, but also have a decided ten-
dency to live in the warmer rather
than the colder parallels. With
three-quarters of a million of south
Europeans coming to America a
year her race problems are not
simple.

More imminent than the question
of race mingling itself is that of
labor and of government. We have
here in the United States a set of
institutions that were made by Anglo-Saxons. The
people who are inheriting these institutions are funda-
mentally different from the people who made them.
How are they treating the Anglo-Saxon legacy?

IN 1907 the President appointed an Immigration Com-
mission to investigate the immigration conditions in
the United States. Their work was remarkably thor-
ough and impartial. After four years of investigation,
one of the members of the commission summed up its
discoveries this way:

"The conclusion of greatest significance developed by
the general industrial investigation is that the point of
complete saturation has already been reached in the em-
ployment of recent immigration in mining and manufac-
turing establishments. Owing to the rapid expansion in
industry which has taken place in the past thirty years,
and the constantly increasing employment of southern
and eastern Europeans, it has been impossible to assim-

ilate the newcomers, politically or socially, or to educate
them to American standards of compensation, efficiency,
or conditions of employment."

A man who was interested in the immigration
problem wanted to know just what was or is the
American standard of efficiency. He knew of no
better way to find out than to ask American workmen
and American employers what their standards were,
and to follow this up by asking south Europeans
what was their own standard and what they con-
sidered the American. The man, whose name was
John Ames, took considerable time and trouble to ask
these questions.

The first man he asked was an ironworker on a New
York office building. The ironworker was smoking a
cigarette at the noon hour and looking up into the red
network against the sky. Ames offered his cigar case
to the man and sat down beside him.

"I wish," said Ames, "that you'd answer some fool
questions for me."

"Fire ahead," said the workman, lighting the cigar.

"What's your standard of efficiency?" asked Ames.

"I don't talk anything but English, being an Ameri-
can and not a Wop," said the iron-
worker, succinctly.

Ames nodded. "I know. Neither
do I. And I'm not very sure that
I can translate my question. I think
I mean this: How well do you
think you ought to do your work?"

The iron man looked at Ames
a little patronizingly. "Are you a
college professor or something like
that?" he inquired.

Ames nodded.

"Something like that, only even
more foolish."

"I just as soon answer you then,"
said the ironworker; "you are harm-
less and you know good tobacco!"

THE two men grinned at each
other, and the ironworker looked
from Ames up into the dizzy height
of iron framework. "I've noticed,"
he said, "that you can do one of
two things in a job. You can do it
as well as you darn can, or you can
do it well enough to pass the in-
spector. If it passes the inspector
the boss is satisfied and you draw
your pay. But if you take any kind
of pride in your work, you know
whether your rivets will hold or not,
and you wake up at night, remember-

ing one that the inspector never noticed. You remember
that if that beam loosens up, the whole blame floor will
go down, and it drives you crazy, till you get back and
report it. You ought to do your work well enough so
you can't kick yourself no matter what happens. My old
dad used to say that to me. He was a blacksmith, the
prettiest forge worker I ever saw. Of course, you've
got to remember this. If you are ignorant, even if you
put your best into the job, your best may let the floor
fall, see? That's one reason I'm against foreign labor.
They're ignorant, and you can't teach 'em."

"How much pay do you draw?" asked Ames.

"Sixty cents an hour," said the ironworker.

"Do you think you earn it?" asked Ames.

"I earn it as long as I take the responsibility of not
sneaking on the inspector," said the ironworker. "And
my reputation is, that it's no use to ask me to cover up
a bad joint. Of course, the boss don't want us to do
any better work than we have to. His idea is to save



"Stick da pine where da oak oughta
be. Nobody know different in 'Merica"

time, money, and work. If you depended on the boss for making your reputation you'd be an inspector jollier and nothing else much."

"Are you a German?" pursued Ames.

"I told you I'm an American. My grandfather was a German. My mother's folks all came from New England."

There was a piping whistle, and the donkey engine began to grunt. "Much obliged," said Ames, and he went off, feeling somehow exhilarated.

THE next questions that Ames asked were of the boss of a concrete construction gang over in New Jersey. The boss was a tanned, stocky fellow, turning fifty years old. He was watching half a hundred workmen make a huge ditch.

"These are Wops—Dagos," he replied to Ames's query. "I don't know which is the worst to handle, Dagos or Polacks. They all was farm workers over in the old country, and they won't do any more work than you can drag out of them. Hey! Get on the job, you!"

He pegged a pebble neatly into the back of an Italian who was eying the landscape.

"Sometimes I have Wops, sometimes Polacks and Hungarians. With Wops, you've got to cuss till you're ashamed and carry a club and make 'em think you're a murderer, or they won't work. And look out or they'll knife you on your way home, or steal your baby to get even. The Polacks and Hungarians and all them, you've got to treat decent. Make 'em see you are boss, but no cursing or kicking. But you've got to keep right after them. I'd like to get hold of a good bunch of American laborers. Still, I don't know. They know too much."

"How's that?" asked Ames.

"Well, you see, you've got to bid so close these days for a job that you can't afford to put but just so much in it, work or material, either one. So I often think it's just about as well to have ignorant workmen. You take an American, he'll take some pride in his job. All these fellows think about is the quitting whistle and their pay envelope."

"I wonder," said Ames, "if competition wasn't so close, if the bosses would put better work and material into their job?"

"Nix," answered the boss. "While there's all this cheap labor coming over, and nobody caring how bum the work is as long as they don't get killed themselves, nobody's going to do any better work than they have to."

"What are you?" asked Ames. "An American?"

"Sure," said the boss. "My father and mother was both Irish. I was born in New York."

"What do you think is the American standard of efficiency?" asked Ames, seriously.

"Say that again, slow," said the boss, blinking.

"What," repeated Ames, "amount of honest hard work and effort do you think a man ought to put into his job?"

THE boss scratched his head. "You mean like in the old days when if a man built a house or made a shoe he made it on honor?"

"Exactly," answered Ames.

"They ain't no such thing any more," answered the boss. "Look here. They's fifty men waiting for my job. I ain't going to do anything but what the contractor tells me to. Those old days are gone. Folks won't pay for work that's done on honor. I won't and you won't. Thanks!" sniffing at the cigar Ames handed him.

John Ames went back to the railroad station slowly.

He had the feeling somehow of being a fly in a spider web, with little hope of being disentangled. Competition, he thought, is the life of trade. Evolution itself continues only through relentless competition. Somehow, with all this competition of labor, the efficient ought to be sifted out. But—but—

Ames sighed and made his way to a factory of which a friend of his was the manager. He found the friend with a piece of paper in his hand, looking puzzled.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Ames.

"Well," said Jim, "I'm always howling for competent workmen, but—I don't know—most of my men are south Europeans, and I've fussed a good deal because the general run of 'em take no pride in their work, not like an American or a German does, you know. But I hired an American a few

Bill in a two-room flat up in Harlem was writing for a new job



weeks ago. First thing he does is to report to me on a paper like this when any of the covers he finishes are defective."

"Good!" said Ames.

"Theoretically, yes," answered Jim. "But actually, we can't afford to make good on our defective covers and put them out at the price we do. He's a good workman. I'd like to keep him, but—"

"See here," asked Ames, "if you were in a trust and had no competitors, would you make good your defective covers?"

"Well," said Jim slowly, "I don't see that that would make any difference. There certainly would be no reason at all then, except the public demand, for perfect covers. And it's always easy to fool the public. I tell you when a manufacturer has on one side an unlimited supply of ignorant labor and on the other a public that hasn't any high standard of quality, you can't expect too much of the finished product."

"What's your idea of a standard of efficiency?" asked Ames.

Jim, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, looked for a long moment out of the factory window into the dirty street.

"Jack," he said, "I haven't got one. And I'll tell you why I haven't. I never was taught one when I was a kid. That's the time to teach your public—when they are kids. All I can remember was being told to make a success of myself. And in America, making a success means making money. We roast these Slavs and

He made his way to a factory of which a friend of his was the manager



Dagos for coming over here just to make money. How are we Americans any better? Well, I'm going down and have it out with Bill. He's the American with a standard of efficiency! I'll bet his dad licked it into him. Competition ought to give it to a man, but in business nowadays it don't. I don't know why not, though."

Ames started for home, slowly, thoughtfully. When he reached the little suburban town where he lived, he stopped to watch a group of Italians who were just quitting work on some "Company Cottages." Ames walked along with one of the workmen, who carried a carpenter's kit on his shoulder.

"Did you learn your trade in Italy?" asked Ames.

"No, I getta it here," said the Italian. "I joina da union. I getta good mon."

"How long did it take to learn?" asked Ames.

"Oh, I getta odd job, maybe six mont'. Then I pay twenty dollar; joina da union."

"You like the work?" asked Ames. "Hard to make boards straight, make good staircases, good porches?"

THE Italian laughed richly. He had the face and throat of the singer. "Oh, good enough! Who care? 'Merican, all they want is good show. Sticka da putty and paint in da crack, sticka da pine board where da oak oughta be. Nobody know different in 'Merica. Nobody care!"

During the weeks following, Ames talked and weighed talk until it seemed to him that all the world was made up of a mad rush of humans whose main object in life was to give as little work as possible for the greatest possible amount of pay. He spent one evening talking with a Hungarian through an interpreter. The Hungarian's job was to work a lever that let a machine stamp out disks. He had a stolid face, but his eyes were luminous. He had been a farm laborer in Hungary. He had worked there unbelievably hard for unbelievably small pay.

"How hard do you have to work here?" asked Ames.

The Hungarian shrugged his shoulders. "The boss gets all he can out of me," he answered.

"How much work do you think a man ought to give his boss?" Ames asked the question patiently.

The Hungarian's eyes deepened. "How much work would you give your boss if your work was mine?" Ames scowled and thought.

How much enthusiasm could any man, educated or uneducated, put into part work?

Was it human nature to take pride of honest workmanship when one did not see the completed work, but only the smallest detail of it? And still, honesty is honesty in part work or any other. What had happened to industry in America?

Finally Ames got the address of Bill, the Bill who worked for his friend Jim, and whom Jim had fired for too great efficiency!

AMES found Bill writing in a two-room flat up in Harlem. He had a wife and two babies. Bill needed a shave. John Ames felt embarrassed, but he went at the matter boldly, told Bill of his conversation with Jim, and ended with:

"When he told me he'd fired you, I decided that I would come round and get you to tell me how you looked at it. A man that has your standard of work must have some ideas that will clear things up for me."

Bill lighted one of Ames's cigars and sat for a long time staring at nothing. Mrs. Bill, who was thin and sweet-faced, with hunger lines about her mouth that somehow hurt Ames, hushed the children and watched her husband anxiously.

Bill licked the wrapping of his cigar and said nothing until he had smoked an inch. Then he said:

"My dad made soap. He made it this way: He used to take the old gray team every two weeks with a load of barrels filled with tinware and soap. He'd circulate through the country for a day or so, and he'd come back without the tinware or soap, but with the barrels filled with fat scraps that the farmers' wives had saved for him. He had some zinc vats and a furnace in the barn, and some wooden forms and wires on a sheet of tin for cutting the soap into bars. And he made good soap. He was always improving it, and he was proud to have Wm. Thompson stamped on every cake."

"Then a pork-packing business came to our town, and they added a soap factory to their plant."

(Continued on page 27)

James Schoolcraft Sherman

THE death of Vice President Sherman took from the Republican national ticket one of its two leaders—the first time that such a thing has occurred in the interval between nomination and election—and from the Republican party one of its staunchest and most unalterable supporters. Mr. Sherman was a regular of regulars, a stand-patter by practice and by temperament, a sturdy figure of a type which is changing if not passing completely away—a type completely repugnant to the spirit that has come to be dominant at Washington during the past few years. Neither an orator nor a statesman, nor a man with dramatic gifts of any kind, he yet, by reason of his good sense, affability, dependableness, and devoted partisanship, had long held power in his party. A politician from his early youth, he had held important office for a quarter of a century, and he was content to be that which made him most useful—a cog in the machine.

HIS CAREER

MR. SHERMAN was a characteristic "up-State" New Yorker. He was born October 24, 1855, on a farm near Utica, of an old and thrifty American family. His paternal grandfather was that Captain Sherman of the steamboat *Burlington* of which Charles Dickens wrote admiringly in his "American Notes." The captain died in 1868, leaving forty-six fancy waistcoats, and to his daughter-in-law, the Vice President's mother, an estate of \$100,000. Mr. Sherman's father, General Richard U. Sherman, was a journalist, first in Rochester and later as founder and editor of the Utica "Morning Herald." He was for many years a Federal officeholder in Washington.

The young man was graduated from Hamilton College in 1878, admitted to the bar in 1880, and in 1884 elected Mayor of Utica. Two years later he was nominated for Congress, and in 1887 began his long career in the House of Representatives. He suffered a brief defeat after serving two terms, but returned the next term and remained in Congress until he was elected Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Taft.



Born, October 24, 1855. Died, October 30, 1912

In Congress, Mr. Sherman was a close friend of Speaker Reed, who often called on him to preside over the House, and his talent as a parliamentarian soon made him valuable. Speaker Reed appointed him chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee, on which he served all the rest of his Congressional career. As a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce he made a favorable report on a Nicaraguan canal before the Panama project had developed. He was father of the Philippine Cable Bill and of the bill for reorganizing the revenue-cutter service.

Similarly a lieutenant of Speaker Cannon, he presently made use of the quintet sometimes called the "Big Five," made up of Cannon, Sherman, Dalzell, Payne, and Tawney. His chief source of power in the national Legislature was his membership in the autocratic Committee on Rules, on which he held the third place, and helped Cannon and Dalzell keep the House in subjection to those regulations which the Speaker was destined to see so radically amended. On the floor, too, he was regarded as one of Cannon's ablest lieutenants and spokesmen.

HIS PERSONALITY

THREE times—in 1895, 1900, and 1908—he served as chairman of State conventions, and in 1906 he was chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee.

In 1890 President McKinley offered him the post of Federal Appraiser of the Port of New York, but his Utica constituents held a mass meeting that resulted in his decision to stay in Congress. He was made a trustee of Hamilton College in 1905, and he was treasurer and president of the board of trustees of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Mr. Sherman's personal popularity in his home neighborhood, and among those with whom he worked shoulder to shoulder for so many years as a dependable cog in the Republican machine, was undoubted. He was unassuming and affable, and there was more than a casual significance in the nickname Sunny Jim, which he carried during his latter years.

The Purple Patch

(Continued from page 19)

here to fight the Moros. I have no wish to fight the Moros. They are a poor people and this is their country. I wish to go back to California.

"Well, I meet Leonora—and she promise to wait for me. I am sent to the interior, and there are battles. Two weeks ago we capture a little town. After we enter there come shots from a house, and those inside are taken and led out to be execute—two old men, a woman, and a boy. I am in the *esquadra* that is to fire upon them, but that I cannot do. I throw down my gun. I am arrested—punish. I escape and journey by night. Now I am here, and I must escape or I, too, shall be execute. I speak truth, Mister."

AIRD wavered; and Sará, placing her hands on his shoulders, spoke swiftly: "You see, M'sieu, it is life or death for him—and for Leonor. And it is but a little thing we ask—your *pasa-porta*. Afterward you can swear it have been stolen from you and you can get another."

"But the passport is for me—describes me—and we don't look much like each other."

"I know—but that make no difference. I alter it to describe Fernan—and his woman, Leonor. But to have the printed paper with the seal on it—that is sufficient. With that he can go aboard *Le Dolphine*, that leaves to-morrow for Amerique. Ah, see, M'sieu! Those two are young; they have not yet live. We two, M'sieu, are old; we have love; we have fought; we have—live. But they—ah, M'sieu, we who have known life must help them."

AIRD made no answer. Instead, after a long look from Sará to the two lovers and back again, he thrust a hand inside his vest, hauled out a long yellow envelope and a fat bill case along with it. From the wallet he counted out ten bank notes, and these, together with his passport, he handed to Sará. The woman watched him with wide, exultant eyes, but she returned the money with a little smiling shake of the head. Then, thrusting the passport inside her dress, she caught AIRD's hand in both of hers. "Ah, M'sieu," she cried, "you are a man!" And AIRD, flushed, bewildered, was only dimly aware that he had unearthed buried treasure.

"You had best go away now, M'sieu Air," said Sará a moment later. "Fernan will make the attempt to go near dawn; meanwhile the soldiers may come again, and there is much danger for those here. It is not necessary that you should make the risk."

BUT AIRD set his lips. His long-starved soul had tasted Adventure and was avid of more. "No," he answered, "I guess, if you don't mind, I'll stay here to-night and see how things come out. Maybe I can help some."

Late that night Sará Lastyrie left Marcus sitting in a corner of the main room, and slipped away to finish preparations for the flight of Leonor and Fernan, who had been concealed in an upstairs apartment. "I still have the fear," *mon ami*, murmured Sará to AIRD as she left. "Ben Serav suspects; he will, if possible, bring the soldiers to search again. It is to be on the *qui vive*."

When the woman had gone, AIRD glanced curiously about him. The bulk of the evening's customers had gone; only a group of three merchants from the interior and a pair of Moroccan waterfront loafers remained, smoking furiously over their long-empty coffee cups. And seated unmolested in a corner, moving his lips as if addressing some auditor seen by his mind's eye, was the strange, English-speaking lunatic whom AIRD had encountered that morning.

It was a stifling night; the loungers at the little tables sat half naked, and, to avoid greater discomfort, the negro factotum had put out two of the four smoky copper lamps by which the long room was lighted. A gaunt, rusty-black cat paced back and forth along the floor tiles, panting like a dog, its vivid red mouth open, and its tongue lolling out.

OUTSIDE, the moon had risen silver clear, and its light, stained into jewel tints by the crude bottle-glass windows, now shed a grotesque mockery of a churchly illumination through the room. It fell upon the figure of the madman in the corner, and seemed somehow to stir him with a strange excitement. He moved uneasily; his eyes shifted here and there. Presently he rose, squared his shoulders, and, with head erect, stepped to one of the little smoking tables. Standing before it, he raised one hand in a majestic gesture, and then began to speak,

slowly and with a certain restrained oratorical fervor. For an instant AIRD could not believe his ears; then he realized that the man was mechanically delivering the invocation of the Episcopal service.

The two remaining loafers at the other end of the room watched and listened with grins of stupid amusement; and after a while they got up and vainly tried to slip past the dozing negro at the door. Halted by a suddenly outstretched arm, they paid their score and vanished. The negro for a moment stared dully at the feverish, open-mouthed cat, and then resumed his semislumber. And in this low-ceilinged Levantine tavern, littered with the paraphernalia of the evening's entertainment, reeking with the odors of spilled liquor and stale nargiles, the one-time clergyman went on droning out his churchly phrases, wandering aimlessly from prayer to collect, and then to catechism or baptismal rite.

FASCINATED, AIRD watched the speaker until at length the orotund voice grew feeble and trailed off into silence. Then rising, he moved forward and laid a hesitant hand on the other's bare, shrunken arm. "You're Justin Moore," he said, trying to catch the empty, shifting eye. "Isn't that your name?"

"Name," repeated the man dully. And then, as if catching a cue, he went on: "—name is more to be chosen than great riches. Whosoever—"

"No," AIRD interrupted, "I mean, what's your name? I take you to be a fellow I know something about, and I want you to tell me if I'm right or not."

Again the vacant eyes regarded AIRD absently. "Mean—name—take you—" The poor, half-numbed brain groped awkwardly about among the words of AIRD's question, and then settled in pitiful triumph upon a familiar phrase. "Take thee to be," the man repeated with an air of mixed solemnity and satisfaction, "take thee to be my lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this—"

He hesitated, and before AIRD could speak again, Sará Lastyrie glided into the room, followed by Leonor and Fernan. All had been made ready for the flight of the young people; Fernan had been disguised as a bearded vineyard worker; AIRD's passport had been altered for him so as to conform to this pretense; and their meager luggage had been rolled in a couple of rugs, Levantine fashion. Le

Dolphine was even now anchored off the quay, ready to sail with the tide just after dawn; and Sará had arranged for a boat to take the young people out to her just before that time, when the port officials would be least vigilant.

One thing deeply troubled the conventional soul of Marcus AIRD—Fernan and Leonor were not married. Nor did it appear from their plans that they proposed any immediate observance of that formality. Now, to AIRD, this was a more shocking situation than Fernan's peril of capture; and when he saw that the man whom he took to be Justin Moore was still mouthing out the phrases of his ritual, a fantastic idea seized hold of him.

TO Sará, and then to Leonor and Fernan, he propounded this idea; and, after much explanation, he won a half-comprehending consent. Sará, indeed, became enthusiastic and provided Fernan with a ring taken from her own finger. This arranged, AIRD gave some needful direction, had the young couple kneel, and then going over to the ragged figure on the divan, took his arm and led him forward to where the two knelt in the ghostly, stained-glass-tinted moonlight.

"Dearly beloved," suggested AIRD in the ear of the man whom he took to be Justin Moore. The man stared at the kneeling couple, and there came over his face a pitiful look of nervous embarrassment, as if he had been an actor who had forgotten his lines. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered—" suggested AIRD again. And suddenly the man's face lighted. He raised his hands with an impressive gesture, and in a fine, sonorous voice repeated and continued:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman—"

WITHOUT faltering, with only an occasional hesitation, this strange minister went on with the service. And the bride and groom, coached by AIRD, made in their turn an approximation of the proper responses. Sará hovered beamingly near by. The black porter stood statuesque in the doorway, rolling his oxlike eyes in amazement. The gaunt desert cat still paced up and down, panting red-mouthed in the heat. And so at midnight was made the marriage between Leonor and Fernan.

(Continued on page 24)

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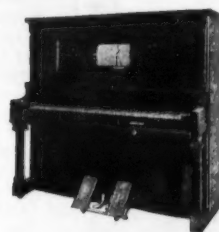
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The Purple Patch

(Continued from page 22)

The final binding word had been spoken and the mad minister had passed mechanically to the ultimate benediction, when Sará clutched Aird's arm convulsively and uttered a low, terror-choked cry. Turning swiftly, the American caught a fugitive glimpse of a face that had been peering at them through the doorway—a thin, sinister face, with the mouth twisted evilly to one side. The apparition vanished. "Serav," gasped Sará in Aird's ear. And for the moment, the clergyman having come to the end of his ritual, there was silence—tense, expectant, peril-pregnant. The next instant there came a scuffle of bare, swiftly running feet, and three Spanish soldiers, with Serav at their heels, burst into the room.

IN after years Aird was often puzzled to explain what he did then. For he was as unused to strife as a baby rabbit, and his skill in fighting craft was pitiable. Yet something came to his aid—perhaps some instinct inherited from ancestral warriors. For when a soldier had seized Fernan' by the arm, when another had covered the staring negro with his pistol, and Serav had advanced snakelike upon Leonor', then the third soldier had strode insolently up to Aird and, jabbing a pistol into the American's ribs, had insolently ordered him to surrender. When this happened Aird had started to raise his hands in automatic obedience; just then, however, as his hands came to shoulder height, the battle flame flashed up in his brain.

With a lightning swift movement Aird thrust the revolver barrel aside; and in the same instant, catching up the water-filled nargile from the little iron smoking table at his side, he dealt the man a smashing blow that felled him unconscious. Then Aird jumped back and, picking up the table itself, rushed forward to battle.

Meanwhile, however, the diversion created by Marcus Aird had taken Serav's eyes from Sará, and that resourceful lady had promptly smashed the lamp which stood behind her. Running to the other end of the room, with a soldier at her heels, she jumped up, caught the lantern which swung there from its hook, and just as the man struck at her flung it to the floor. Save for the patch of faint, tinted moonlight at the other end of the floor, the room was now in utter darkness—a darkness filled with ominous, indistinct sounds—restrained breathings, faltering footsteps, hesitantly advanced weapons.

Aird never knew just what occurred except as it immediately concerned himself. When the second lantern went out, he was brandishing the iron table by one leg, at once as a club and as a shield. A soldier fired just as the room was plunged into darkness, and the bullet rang against the table top like the clapper against a bell. Aird hurled the table ferociously in the direction in which he remembered the man to have been; then he leaped to one side, crouched, motionless, close to the floor, and listened—listened with the fierce intensity of a blind man on a battle field.

He heard, first, only that sinister medley of muffled sounds—creepings and halted breathings and stealthy movements. Then some one tripped roughly against a table at the other end of the room, and abruptly three swiftly exchanged pistol shots smashed the silence as with hammers.

The thump of a falling body followed—and then that horrible quiet, with its undertone of threatening movement.

NOW Aird could make out the faint, shuffling murmur of some one creeping—creeping. It ceased at last; there was a pause; and then came a sound like that one sometimes hears in a butcher place, followed by a choked coughing. This, in its turn, was drowned by the racket of a sudden scuffle, and two close-gripped wrestlers stumbled past Aird, to fall heavily just beyond. The noise of that struggle died away in the echoes of a shot; and once more ensued that quiet, with its background of deadly murmurings.

And this time Aird was sure that one of those creeping, crawling menaces was growing louder, coming closer to him. Trembling in spite of his tight-set jaws, he tiptoed a step or two to one side, and stumbled over an inert mass lying on the tiles. He fell to his hands and knees, sprawled over the inert figure, then, re-

covering in an ecstasy of horror, he scrambled to his feet and jumped noisily backward. The next instant the enemy that had been creeping upon him lunged forward, and the heavy brass hilt of the knife bayonet, which had been aimed at his throat, grazed his temple violently.

In desperate fury Aird closed with his man, and by good fortune, catching the wrist of the hand which held the bayonet, he prevented a second blow. Instantly the man dropped the bayonet, clattering, on the tiles, and forthwith Aird felt his throat seized in the vise of gripping hands.

Frantically Marcus strove to tear away the tightening fingers. Overbalanced, the two fell heavily together; but that deadly grip never relaxed. Over and over they rolled, Aird jerking this way and that, convulsively, as the congested blood began to numb his brain. And now, in this last extremity, his hand touched the blade of the soldier's abandoned bayonet; and a second later, with all his waning strength, Aird was stabbing madly at the body of his antagonist. The last act he remembered was loosening from his throat two hands that had stiffened about it in their death clutch.

WHEN Aird fully recovered consciousness the sun was glittering bright through the bottle-glass windows. He lay on one of the long divans; there was an odor of hartshorn in the air and the tang of liquor on his tongue. He had a confused remembrance of a myriad happenings since that desperate fight in the dark: memories of alternate deathly nausea and faintings away, interspersed by half-sensed recollections of words and cries, the coming of men with lanterns, the carrying out of divers heavy objects. Now, however, his head was clear again, and his battle-sick stomach quiescent. He became conscious, too, that some one was bending over him—Sará Lastyrie.

"Ah, *mon ami*," she cried softly, "you are yourself! I am so please!" And very gently she fell to stroking his forehead.

Aird regarded her silently a moment. "Well," he inquired suddenly, "how did it all come out?"

"Be tranquil, *mon ami*, as to that," Sará responded gravely. "Leonor' and Fernan', they are escape—safe on the steamer."

"But the soldiers?"

"They do no more harm. They are kill—all three, thanks to you, *mon chère*. So, too, was Abbas, *mon pauvre nègre*!"

Aird raised himself on an elbow and glanced about the room; it was empty, though still in some disorder. "But what's become of—of them?" he asked.

SARA shrugged her shoulders. "When it is over and all is quiet," she explained, "I light the lamp. Leonor' is faint, Fernan' is more hurt. But I make them go—immediate. And they go, *mon ami*—out into the night to the ship, those lovers—and I see them never more. Then I find that you and the poor beggar man are hurt, and that the rest are dead. So I drag you to the couch, and I call the gendarmes. I tell them that the soldiers fight with each other until all are kill. This the gendarmes believe; ver' frequent such thing happen—here in Morocco. They take away the *cadavre*."

"I see," commented Aird thoughtfully, and remained staring at Sará until a slow flush crept over her features. "What's going to become of you?" asked Marcus abruptly.

"Oh—" She laughed a little bitterly, and then suddenly she bent forward and kissed him. "Ah, monsieur," she murmured huskily, "you are a good man as well as a brave one. Nothing will become of me."

"But," cried Aird, struggling to a sitting posture, "you can't stay here alone. Why not come to America—with me?"

The woman stared, wide-eyed. "You mean," she exclaimed, "—marry with you?"

"Of course, I mean it," Marcus affirmed. "You're just about the best ever." And, awkwardly, he returned her caress.

She made no resistance, but still regarded him with that wide-eyed, half-hypnotized stare. Then all at once she turned away and fell to weeping, while Marcus sat silent, his brain awl.

Sará calmed herself after a moment, and, turning, spoke brokenly: "You are very good, Monsieur," she said. "But, no

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The Purple Patch

(Continued from page 24)

—oh, no! You are of Amérique—and I of Africa. And there have been other men. But you must not have care for me. Those in authority will not harm me—there are good reason why. I get me another *negre* to serve—I keep the inn as before. And if I like, there are always men—men of Moroc', like me."

Sará had risen to escape Aird's detaining hand, when a tall figure, which had appeared in the doorway, walked hesitatingly toward them. "May I ask," said a precisely modulated voice, "if you can tell me what—that is—where I am?"

It was the mad beggar, still clad in the tattered burnoose, and with a dark-stained bandage about his head.

Aird got dizzily to his feet and came forward. "I guess you can," he answered. "But first tell me: who are you?—that is, what's your name?"

"My name?" the man responded promptly. "Why, Moore, of course—Justin Moore."

AN hour later Aird had learned the whole story; how it had all begun back in New York when young Palmer, about to go away on his summer vacation and inextricably in debt, had taken some twenty thousand dollars in money and securities from Gray & Co.'s safe-deposit box. Palmer had been in difficulties for some time and had frequently come to Moore for advice, both spiritual and material. So now, when after the theft had been committed, he experienced a reaction of intermingled remorse and fear, he had gone to Moore, resolved to lay the whole situation before him. But Moore had been out when he called, and he had been shown into the clergyman's private study to wait. And here Fate had laid a trap, for Moore had left a bundle of bonds belonging to the church endowment fund on his desk; and the chance to make a really big haul had decided the hesitating young man; he had taken the bonds, slipped out of the house, and hurried aboard the departing steamer, on which he had already engaged passage.

Late that night Moore had discovered the theft, and a little inquiry had made it certain that Palmer was the culprit. Aghast at his own carelessness in leaving the bonds unguarded, Moore had made a confidant of no one, but had turned detective, traced Palmer to his steamer, and set out on the next boat after him. A long chase had followed, but Moore had finally caught up with his man at a town in the interior, whither he had fled. Palmer was already heartily sick of his exile, and Moore had had little difficulty in persuading him to give the bonds back and to return with him. And then had come the catastrophe.

ON the return journey back to the coast the caravan with which they were traveling had been attacked by a band of desert bandits. Moore had had just time—as he hoped, unobserved—to hide the bonds under a rock when the banditti had swept upon them. He remembered only that there had been a tremendous uproar and confusion; that a brown horseman had swooped upon him like a hawk; that he had fired his revolver vainly; that a sword blade had flashed above him. And then had come darkness—a blank darkness which had lasted until, a few minutes ago, he had come to himself lying on the floor of Sará's tavern, with Sará's serving woman washing the blood from this second sword cut on his head.

That night Aird sent the two words "Found—Safe" flashing across the wide Atlantic to gladden the heart of the girl whose troubled eyes and delicate, grief-shadowed face had constantly haunted him. And following it went letters explaining how the money and securities had been taken and given back and lost again; how Palmer had fled and died; and how Justin Moore had pursued him, had received the sword cut which had obscured his mind, and had suffered the blow in the dark which had undone the damage and restored his reason.

TEN days afterward Aird and Moore, with an escort of soldiers, journeyed to the scene of the Riff attack, and from under a rock in a sandy valley strewn with whitening skeletons recovered the bonds upon which Moore's good name depended. Two weeks later still Aird brought Justin Moore back to New York, and so ended his Great Adventure.



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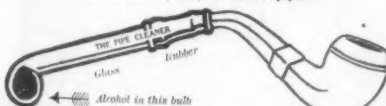
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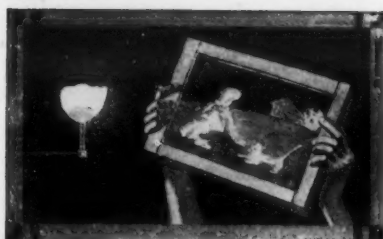
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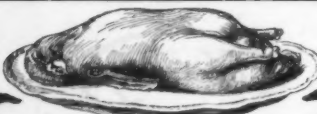
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The Purple Patch

(Concluded from page 25)

Once more Marcus Aird was seated in the elevated train on his way to work; once more was he caught in the cogs of relentless routine. Yet there was about him a difference, distinct if undefinable—something in the set of the shoulders, in the carriage of the head, in the glint of the eye. The morning paper lay unheeded on his lap as he glanced about the car; opposite him a girl was reading "Treasure Island"; at his right a man and woman were sleepily discussing a new play called "Purple Patches"; the other passengers were drearily immersed in dull newspapers. And, as he looked, Marcus's eye gleamed with mingled triumph and compassion, for he was not as these folk were, dependent for their pleasure on the second-hand thrills of play and story. He had hung the walls of his memory with the brilliant tapestry of his own vivid experience, had stored the chambers of his mind with treasure looted from life, and therein his soul might dwell in luxury. It mattered not how straight the rut of his routine, how charged with dreariness the scroll of his days. Here he was master.

The Love Story

(Continued from page 17)

left, he tapped his boot with his riding crop and looked unrelenting at nothing, while the minutes crept on.

"I always think," said the girl, "that the man who laid out this garden had a vicious little cynicism of his own with me for the victim—it is all so trim and snug and artificial, so grand and yet so unsatisfying, those great smooth, velvet terraces and gravel drives reaching out and out to the gate which leads to the real world beyond—to the rough tangled woods of genuine things. Whoever comes in, must come by that gate and, coming by that gate, he must be of the rough world but the true world beyond. I wonder who he will be and if he will ever come."

She paused and Hamilton awoke. "By Jove," he said, "I don't know. That's a deuced pretty idea."

AND time was up, for the great red sun sank in the west and, as the cool shadows, chilling and shuddering, swept up the garden, from over the marble walls sounded, for the last time, the bugles in "Retreat."

And when the sun, once more fresh and warm, rose again in the east, Alice from her canopy heard an indistinct rustling, a strange, padding sound without, and, pushing open her bedroom window, saw through the ivy and over the fresh dew of the lawn, a long brown moving line where the regiment, silently and slowly, was marching up the hill and away to the west. It was not a regiment on parade—it was coatless and dusty, and no gleam of sunlight glanced from the slanted forest of the wood-covered rifle barrels. It was simply a silent, deadly power. Even the band trudged, head down and morose, until a single trumpet sounded one bar of warning, a drum beat in preparation, and then, as the sun gained its full brilliance above the hills the whole sweep of music broke out with an exultant flare.

At intervals, down the line, where the heads of the three battalions lay, could be seen two figures raised above the rest on horseback rising and falling, with the same methodical rhythm as the men on foot. One of these, the girl knew, must be he—king that he was, and conqueror, coming in to break a heart and then marching gayly away to life and drum—but which one he was the distance would not allow her to know. And then, as the head of the column reached the crest of the hill, where, in a minute, its sound would be lost on the farther side, she heard one last sinking refrain:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,

Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?

She wept with delight when you gave her a smile

And trembled with fear at your frown."

Full and strong it went on:

"In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,

In the corner obscure and alone,

They have—"

But here the band passed the top of the



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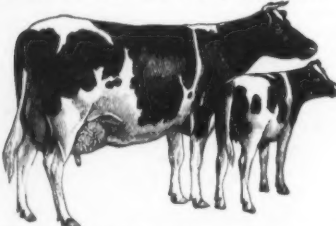
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The Love Story

(Concluded from page 26)

hill and the wagon train at the end of the column drowned all farther sound in a disagreeable rumble.

The regiment never came back, and, in time, Alice married the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague Barstow. They lived happily enough, although there was some slight talk in the papers the other day about a separation; but no one really believes it; and, when you figure it out, the vicar's daughter was the only one who was badly treated in the bargain.

For Hamilton? While the band was playing and the morning sun was rising and, from the big house on the hill, unseen arms were reaching toward him, did not some stray thought, some little ray of regret, sweep him? Did he "remember"? No, frankly, he didn't. The music was old and the sun was uncomfortably warm—to one who wore a scratchy flannel service shirt. Out of the valley he marched and, king though he was, his one chance for a kingdom was gone.

He grew old in time—people do—and fat and rather florid of face. One cannot do the things that he did without these disagreeable consequences. For three years now he has been on recruiting service in Seattle, and they tell me that he is soon to be transferred to the office of the depot quartermaster on Governors Island filing blanks and signing requisitions. In time, he will be retired on three-quarters pay (of a lieutenant colonel) and will live at No. 486 South Main Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

It's a picturesque business, isn't it—the breaking of hearts?

An American?

(Continued from page 21)

And they bought dad out, so's they could use his name and get his trade. His soap was famous all through the State. They made dad foreman of the soap factory. One day he came home, and I'll never forget how white his face was. He says to my mother: 'Ma, they've taken my good name away from me. They've put my name on soap that ain't fit to wash cattle with, and they won't let me improve it,' and they never did. Dad never got over it. He didn't live long after that. As a kid, I couldn't understand all of his feelings, but I got some of them.

"I went into a wagon factory to work. I come of a family of good mechanics, and my idea of work was like my dad's—make the thing you make as good as you know how! It wasn't so much for the money you'd get out of it as it was for the feeling that you ought to, that it was fair to your boss and fair to yourself. And I found out that they didn't want that kind of thing. They wanted the man who would do exactly what he was told, and help make wagons as cheap as the public could be made to buy. I was about the only American in the shop. Dagos, Poles, and such were the rest, and their idea was as much work as they could rattle through, if it was piece work, no matter how it was done. Or if it was pay by the day, just as little work as the foreman would stand for. No pride at all in what they did.

"Well, still I was thick-headed. I got up a process of seasoning the wagon spokes so they'd last longer. And the boss laughed at me. Said there was no profit in building the One-Hoss Shay. He didn't want his spokes to last long. Then I got up a brake that was powerful and wouldn't wear out the wheel. The boss liked that and paid me a little for it, and they put it out, with my name on it. But they fixed it so it would wear the wheels out easy. With my name on it! And then I quit. And when I came home and told Annie, I knew just how poor old dad felt. Poor old devil! Kicking him out because he took pride in delivering the goods!

"Well, I drifted from shop to shop. And they didn't want me. And here I am, forty years old, and they've broken me. That's the story, if it does you any good."

"Billy," said Annie, "I believe in you. I'm glad you're honest—I—I—" she wavered a little and looked at the child in her arms. "I hope the children will be exactly like you."

The two men stared at each other.

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Salesmen, For Our Provident Accident And Health Policies, Premiums \$5 and \$10 a year. Exceptional opportunity for hustlers to establish themselves in a permanent business. Write now. Desk F, National Life Ins. Co. of U.S.A., 29 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

Why Not Double Your Income? There's No reason why you can't. It's not a question of working harder but of working better. The Sheldon School will teach you how to multiply your efficiency and your income through the application of the simple, natural laws that govern every business relation. Write for splendid book, "The Service Idea." The Sheldon School, 1355 Republic Building, Chicago.

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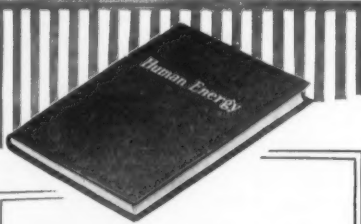
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SELL STORIES STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL
NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 54, Indianapolis

An American?

(Concluded from page 27)

and Ames could hear his watch tick. Finally Ames said: "I wish I could get at the bottom of it. What's this heavy immigration got to do with it?"

"When you've got an unlimited supply of ignorant labor you can't demand high-class work, and when you find that your public don't know the difference, you aren't going to care yourself if you're a manufacturer. The day of fellows like me is past. I'm a has-been, but I'm writing for a new job."

Joined to the other talk he had had, Ames found a certain amount of illumination in what Bill Thompson had told him.

He could not pretend to know whether there was more inherent honesty of workmanship in Bill the Teuton than in the Italian carpenter. He did believe that a certain pride of craftsmanship is inherent in all human beings, but when he had thought it over he concluded that this came from the impulse of the artist in us, and that it would not be roused by the industrial spirit of to-day. Just as soon, he thought, as immigration and machinery made possible the gigantic quantity of part work that is done to-day, the death blow was given to the old type of honor work. The village shoemaker made the whole shoe. He took the artist's pride in the finished product, and the village was his critic. To-day an underpaid, ignorant alien puts the nails in the heels of many shoes an hour. What standard of efficiency is he supposed to have? He will have somewhere nearly the standard that his employer forces on him, and his employer will have just what the public forces on him.

Industrial competition is about the only form of natural selection that civilization has left us. Science and philanthropy are saving for us the lame, the sick, the blind, and the inefficient. And it is the ignorant and the inefficient who breed most rapidly. So long as industrial competition is free, a constant weeding of workmen must take place. The competitors that survive under the demand of industry will be of one type: the type for which industry has asked.

THE last reckoning of the matter is with the buying public. And we, the public, have no particular standard of efficiency. We never have been taught any. We are so busy succeeding that we haven't time to evolve one. When the Immigration Commission said that it was impossible to educate the south European to the American standard of efficiency, it might have gone further and explained that the phrase American standard of efficiency was by way of being a ghastly joke. And the ignorant laborer is rapidly becoming the buying public.

Time was when to say American workmen meant intelligence, meant pride of workmanship, meant honest responsibility. Whether it was because they were Teutons, Anglo-Americans, that this was true one cannot say. The north European people always have been good workmen. It may have been the institutions they evolved over here, the manliness that the franchise gave, the trained intelligence that universal schooling gave, that made them preeminent. But the fact remains that they were great and that they are going.

No nation is greater than the ideals of its citizens. What is our American ideal of work? What are we going to stand for? The whole idea of humanity's progress rests on one premise: that each of us puts more into the world than we take out of it. And so many of us give less than we take that the scheme is unfair. Some do double and treble their share of the world's toil. And lying, cheating work is retrogressive. It hinders instead of helping progress.

What is America's ideal of work? What are we teaching our children about it? Do our schools take our sons and the sons of the Italian carpenter and the Polish dirt shoveler and teach them year in and year out that we owe to the world the best work that is in us? And do we teach them that work, just plain work, is the most essential, therefore the most soul-satisfying fact of life? And do we show them over and over that the man who cheats on his job cheats not only his boss but his own right to self-respect and his own right to give to the onward movement of the world?

Bill Thompson is starving. How are we going to make the man who takes his heritage understand for what Bill stood?

To the Railroad Man an Accurate Watch is an Absolute Necessity

To the business man an accurate watch is a constant source of satisfaction and reliance.

Over one-half, almost 56%, of the Engineers, Conductors, Firemen and Trainmen on American Railroads maintaining Official Time Inspection carry

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When a majority of railroad men fix their choice upon the Hamilton Watch for timing their runs, it is the strongest conceivable guarantee of accuracy.

Don't you want to own the sort of watch that will keep time with the watches of Limited Train Engineers and Conductors?

Engineer J. T. Foley, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train, the "Pioneer Limited." He has carried a Hamilton Watch for several years.

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DO NOT trust your own sense as to the right degree of heat in the house. How often have you let your house become overheated so you had to open the windows—or let it drop to a sudden chill!

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THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

It is a simple, economical device, easily attached to any furnace or boiler. More than human in sensitive feeling—and exact automatic action. It will automatically open or close the drafts on the variation of one degree.

It saves fuel—a lot of it—even the endless routine of furnace attention, and there's no selling how many colds and doctor's bills it prevents. With the clock attachment you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours to increase in the morning when you want it.

Don't wish your house warm in the morning—buy a Jewell and have it warm.

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Save him the necessity of sterilizing his thermometer. Have your own personal "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer, just as you have your own tooth brush. If your druggist hasn't it, send us \$1.50 for a 1-minute "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer. Accept no other. TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
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Special This Month!

We want to send you this fine \$25

Thin Model Gents 17-Jewel Elgin, the one Watch that has long been the Standard of the World, Complete with beautiful Double Strata Gold Case, and fully Guaranteed for 25 years, on

FREE \$16.50—\$2.00 A MONTH TRIAL ONLY

—and if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only \$2.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest—no security—just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine 17-Jewel Elgin is better than other watches costing a lot more money.

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See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

ORIENT

CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days.

\$400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia," Hotels, dr. ves, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK

Brickbats & Bouquets

WITH all its boasted facilities for getting at facts, COLLIER's has not yet learned, evidently, that John D. Archbold identified and admitted the genuineness of those letters which COLLIER's condemned as forgeries.—Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

COLLIER's editorial on Roosevelt is being reprinted in the Progressive organs. It shows that Norman Hapgood was right when he said that the "bit of writin'" if done by the office boy instead of the boss would have gone into the waste-paper basket instead of cold type.

—Providence (R. I.) News.

Dear Sir—I desire to congratulate you on the recent change made in the conduct of COLLIER's. That journal has deserved well of the country, but the great influence which it had laboriously accumulated was being rapidly frittered away. In carrying out its new policy it will resume its proper place. I am, sir, Very truly yours, ARTHUR P. WILL.

A powerful recruit to the Progressive party has been added by the accession of COLLIER's WEEKLY, one of the most influential publications in this or perhaps any other country. . . . This is the logical home of this great publication, being honest and fearless and constructive, it was bound to gravitate to this point. . . . The Progressive party will feel the effects of its powerful support, and the country at large will rejoice in the bold decision which it has made. The political history of the country is sure to undergo a change, and COLLIER's WEEKLY will be in at the change and responsible in a gratifying measure for it.

—Memphis (Tenn.) News Scimitar.

Subsequent issues of COLLIER's will soon tell upon what plane the publication is to continue.—Marlboro (Mass.) Enterprise.

When Mark Whatsname, who is hired by COLLIER's to spatter mud or worse over the reputations of clean public men, tackled Senator Warren of Wyoming because he secured a few public buildings for the growing mountain towns of his State, readers of this vicinity took little note of it, except to wish we had somebody of Warren's influence and energy to get us a public building, but now Mark has tackled Congressman John W. Weeks because he has accomplished something for the Newton-Brookline district, we begin to sit up and take notice. Weeks is berated because, in an advertisement appealing for a reelection, he enumerates the things he has secured for the towns and cities of his district. It seems to us it is a fine record of achievement, and one which would lead us to vote for Weeks were we a citizen of his district. This is a representative Government, and, as we cannot all go there, we expect our Congressman to look after us from getting us a department report now and then to a public building.—Malden (Mass.) News.

Senator Warren of Wyoming has not placed himself in an enviable light by his response to the attack upon him, which COLLIER's magazine made in charging him with the "illegal absorption" of Government lands.—Savannah (Ga.) Press.

VENTURA, CAL.

The word Socialism must appear in the pages of your Weekly within the next four issues or I will cancel my subscription. You ignore the workingman's party. R. R. ROSAMOND.

Among the majority of readers of and believers in COLLIER's it has been a matter of surprise and puzzlement that COLLIER's, after years of advocacy of the doctrines now set forth by the Progressive party, has not cast its fortunes with that party in the present campaign. . . .

One feature must here stand out with commanding saliency. This places beyond any question that may have been raised heretofore the sincerity both of COLLIER's and its editor, and the freedom of the editor of COLLIER's in expressing his true convictions. This casts a most favorable light on all that COLLIER's has said and done in the past. And furnishes added confidence for its proclamations in the future.—Detroit (Mich.) Tribune.

Especially when most people know that the Progressive platform stands emphatically for all those demands for social and industrial justice which COLLIER's WEEKLY has been conspicuous in holding to the front in its fight for governmental reform.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.

You and your band of muckraking leaders, consisting of disappointed millionaire reformers like Pinchot, editors of yellow publications like COLLIER's, Philadelphia "North American," and the Kansas City "Star," and political job-hunters backed by Frank Munsey, Bill Flinn, George Perkins, and the Trusts, are greatly mistaken if you think you can delude the American people with a false cry of fraud and permanently disrupt the Republican party.—RAY K. SHIVELEY of Richmond (Ind.) Palladium.

Whatever the personalities invoked, COLLIER's again assumes a position of usefulness and influence. . . .

COLLIER's has not always been fair or just in its partisanship. But it used to be our greatest national weekly. The weakness of its recent slump into a professed "independence" that was really nothing but a bewilderment mystified and chagrined a host of readers who will be gratified to find their old favorite again standing resolutely for definite and respectable convictions. We extend congratulations.

—New London (Conn.) Telegraph.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I expect now to see COLLIER's take the same place in the Progressive Party as was held by "Harper's Weekly" in the early days of the Republican party.

—ARTHUR J. HARVEY.

As long as you are going to straddle, why not straddle fairly? One vote for Wilson and two for Roosevelt. Can't you scratch up one for Taft? Then nobody's feelings will be hurt.

HENRY M. MINTON.

A personal word regarding the change in your editorial policy:

In the past I have enjoyed COLLIER's thoroughly. Its editorials have been clever, fascinating, keenly entertaining. They have been enjoyable—just as sharp-witted repartee is enjoyable; just as Bernard Shaw, for instance, is enjoyable.

But, like the mental stimulus of each of these—of alcohol and of many other stimulants—the reaction is often unpleasant, unwholesome. There is the point: mental "stimulus" rather than mental "inspiration."

The editorials in your current issue are different. They ring true. They are substantial—sincere. They may not have the former sparkle or "brilliance" perhaps, but at any rate they are most refreshing, and I believe you are to be congratulated upon the change. C. L. MEAD.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Nov. 2, 1912.

I wish to congratulate your most able paper in taking its stand at last on the side of the bravest, cleanest man in public life to-day—Theodore Roosevelt. It has been exceedingly hard to be patient these later weeks and see COLLIER's wasting this great opportunity—the greatest in a generation or more.

A reader for many years of COLLIER's, I have felt chagrined that it hesitated to take its place among the hearty supporters of the Progressive party, but now all is well and I shall once more read the paper with satisfaction. ERNEST E. DAY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 28, 1912.

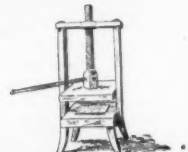
I have read in your issue of November 2, 1912, your statement of change of policy. I have read of what COLLIER's WEEKLY stands for, according to this statement, in respect to corrupt business and corrupt politics, and from this statement I learn that because of your stand in favor of honesty you find it necessary to support that man who, according to the sworn testimony before the Senate Committee, has profited more largely from corrupt business and corrupt politics than any other man of national standing in the history of the country. I am not in favor of your sort of honesty, and you may cut me off your subscription list. I would much prefer not to receive the remaining numbers. JAMES E. O'BRIEN.

Think!

Think what a great part the following nine commercial wonders of the world are playing in the prosperity which you are enjoying.



John Gutenberg

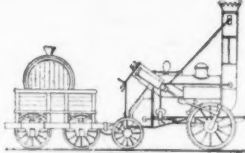


The First Printing Press

Think what Gutenberg did for civilization when he invented the movable type printing press, and enabled the human race to educate themselves.



George Stevenson

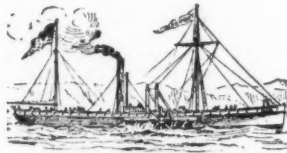


The First Locomotive

Think what George Stevenson did for the world when he thought of the steam locomotive, which made possible cheap transportation of men and goods, and has done so much for civilization.



Robert Fulton

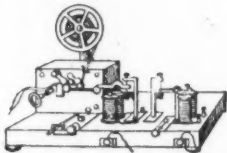


The First Steamboat

Think how Robert Fulton brought the countries of the world together by thinking of the steamboat. Transportation on sea is fast and cheap because Fulton thought.



Samuel Morse

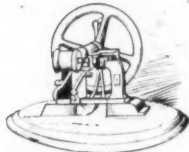


The First Telegraph

Think what Samuel Morse did for the world when he thought of the telegraph, which has annihilated distance and brought the ends of the earth together.



Elias Howe, Jr.

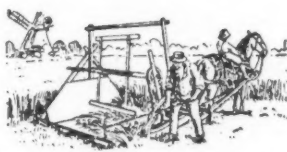


The First Sewing Machine

Think of what Elias Howe, Jr., did for millions of women when he thought of the sewing machine—one of the greatest blessings to the human race.



C. H. McCormick



The First Harvesting Machine

Think what C. H. McCormick did for the world when he thought of the harvesting machine. The nine-billion-dollar crop of today would not be possible without it.



Alexander Graham Bell



The First Telephone

Think what Alexander Graham Bell did when he thought of the telephone, which enables you to talk hundreds of miles, expediting business and bringing your social friends within sound of your voice.



Thomas A. Edison



The First Incandescent Lamp

Think what Thomas A. Edison did when he thought of the incandescent light, and his other electrical appliances, and how they have facilitated business and added to the comforts of the home.



Jacob Ritty

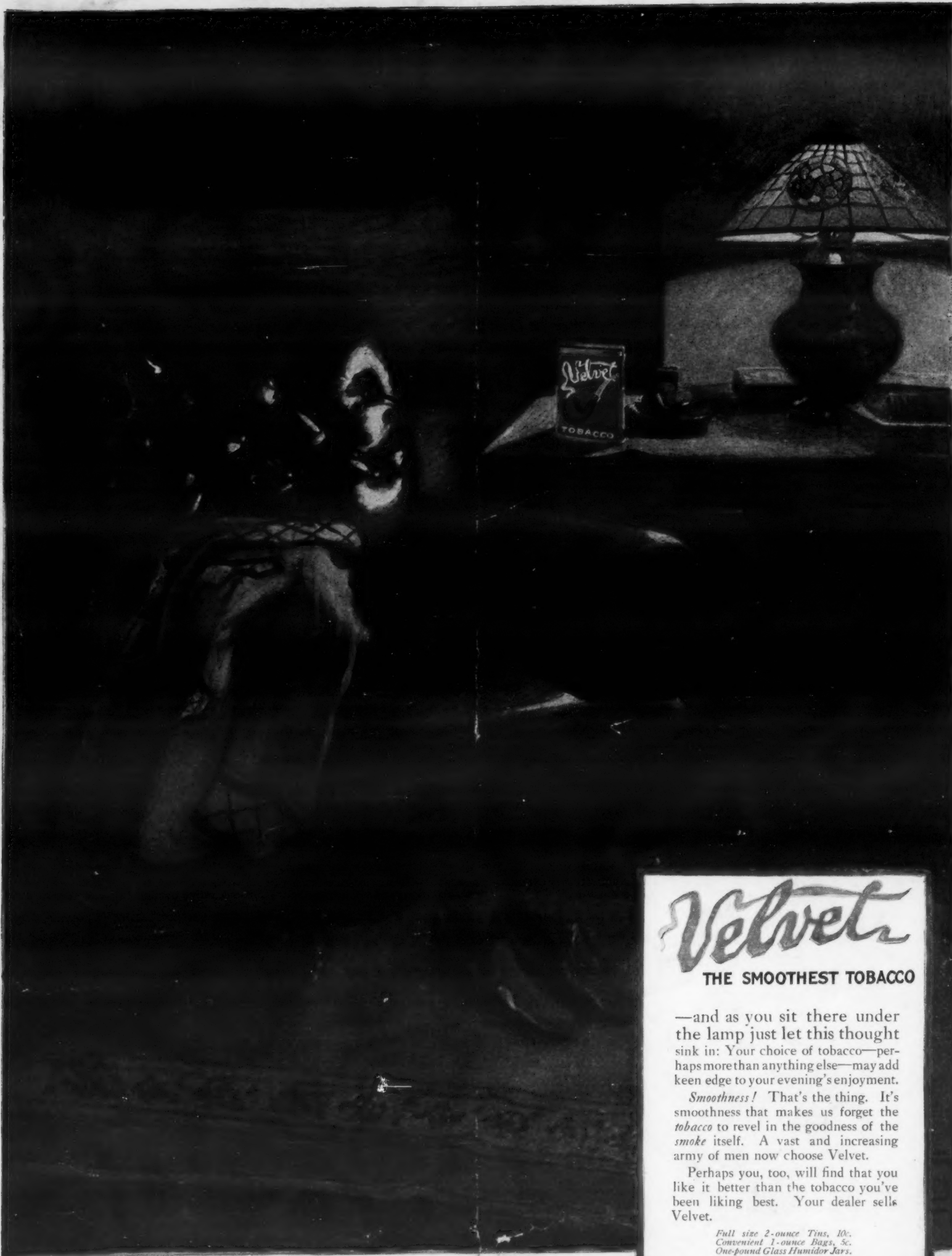


The First Practical Cash Register

Think what Jacob Ritty did for the world when he invented the cash register. It is saving time and money in stores all over the world, and benefiting millions of people.

Think of the amount of capital, labor and management that has been put into the development of these inventions.

To-night!



Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

—and as you sit there under the lamp just let this thought sink in: Your choice of tobacco—perhaps more than anything else—may add keen edge to your evening's enjoyment.

Smoothness! That's the thing. It's smoothness that makes us forget the tobacco to revel in the goodness of the smoke itself. A vast and increasing army of men now choose Velvet.

Perhaps you, too, will find that you like it better than the tobacco you've been liking best. Your dealer sells Velvet.

Full size 2-ounce Tins, 10c.
Convenient 1-ounce Bags, 5c.
One-pound Glass Humidor Jars.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.